

Catholic Digest

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MARCH, 1941

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CATHOLIC READERS' DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

We deserve to suffer these things, because we have sinned against our brother, seeing the anguish of his soul when he besought us, and we would not hear him; therefore is this affliction come upon us.

From the Office of the third Sunday in Lent.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



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Editor: Paul Bussard

Managing Editor: Louis A. Gales

Assistant Editors: Francis B. Thornton, Kenneth Ryan, Edward A. Harrigan

Business Manager: Edward F. Jennings



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A Family of 10,000

Shamrocks in transplantation

By G. STEPHENS

Condensed from *Extension**

Could that be a Kelly pipe playing *Macushla*? This was no green lane in County Cork but a highroad in the deep South, just outside Atlanta, Ga., a late afternoon in April.

A tenor took up the words, "Macushla, Macushla, your sweet voice is calling." Only an Irishman could sing the song like that.

I rounded a bend in the road and stopped in front of a grove. Scattered under its budding trees were ten or 12 large tents, expertly set up. I glimpsed women inside, busy with household chores, and children playing around the grove. In front of the nearest tent was a trio of men, two barely in their 20's, the third very old. The young Kelly piper leaned back against a tree and the singer busied himself mending a harness. Between them the old man sat, bending forward on his cane. As he looked up at my approach good

humor lurked in the corners of his mouth and twinkled in the keen blue eyes under his shaggy brows.

None of the three appeared surprised or disturbed by the intrusion of a stranger. The old man nodded to me, saying, "Sure and it's a fine evening." After I had introduced myself he paused a moment, then said simply, "I am Matt Sherlock. There is Young Tom and this is Little Dan." The younger men nodded hospitably. Little Dan, who was well over six feet, paused in his harness mending to push a chair toward me.

Thus I met the Irish traders. All kin through blood or marriage, they make up a vast family of 10,000. More remarkable, it is a family with not one member out of a job, not one on government-made work, not one on relief.

The Irish traders are just what their name implies: an historic band of rov-

*360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. February, 1941.

ing dealers whose business is trading in horses and mules. Their forebears in Ireland were wandering tinkers who bartered at county fairs. Today their American-born descendants continue to roam the countryside. Their imposing bank accounts show that they prosper in their livestock business.

Through the 80 years that they have lived in America they have kept their blood stream pure. Many of them today have not been out of the U. S., yet their shrewdness in driving a bargain, their mercurial temperament and sparkling wit proclaim them as immutably Irish as Killarney itself.

Uncle Matt's speech was interlaced with colorful Irishisms, and in conversation with members of the clan, he, like the others, employed a little Gaelic, not as a language but merely as phrases and expressions.

My visit to Ireland appeared to establish me as a friend, for as I rose to go, Uncle Matt argued, "Bide a while and rest. Our evening meal will taste the better for your sharin' it," adding with a twinkle, "The promise has passed betwixt Katey and Little Dan there. Will ye do us the honor to stay the night and be present at the weddin' tomorrow?"

What astounding hospitality! What a temptation to linger. A wedding among these people would be something to remember. When the two younger men added their invitation to Uncle Matt's, I decided to stay.

"Today we go everywhere in automobiles and ship the livestock, but our people used to travel in covered wagons. They traded horses and mules along the way," Young Tom offered.

Uncle Matt broke in with a flash of Irish temper, "That's why some clouts call us gypsies! They ask our colleens to tell fortunes and name me king of the tribe."

Obviously true to their blood, these Irish traders were sensitive and strangely proud. To them the word "gypsy" was revolting.

"Will you tell me how your people came to establish themselves in America?" I asked.

"Sure, with all the pleasure in life. About 80 years ago it was, the first of our people came over, 25 or 30 members of eight families. In this new country they clung together and settled in Washington. Young Pat O'Hara and one of the McNamaras opened a livery stable on Pennsylvania Ave. In autumn and winter business was brisk, but spring and summer seasons were lean.

"The original group struck out across Virginia, then wandered into the Carolinas and Tennessee. In Nashville, young O'Hara thought it would be wise to establish headquarters, so members of the clan bought land for next to nothing; but somehow they were not satisfied. They roamed southward and soon came to a place which looked more like the south of Ireland. And

the spot they found was around Atlanta, Ga., just where we are at the minute. Pat O'Hara and others of the group again bought land. We still have it, and it's valuable," Uncle Matt added with a touch of pride.

"Do you stay more or less in one part of the country?"

"Most of our groups travel certain states from Tennessee down through Louisiana and on west to California. Other groups travel in the Northwest. While a few use trailers, most of us sleep sounder in a tent. Once in a great while we may set them up in a tourist camp to have electricity available, but as a general thing we seek our regular camping grounds. These places become home for a short while, but it's not often longer than two weeks."

At this point our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of two automobiles, overflowing with men, women and children. From the first car, the driver jumped hurriedly, opened the back door to lift a closely wrapped bundle from the arms of an old woman. Carefully he placed an infant in the waiting arms of the other women who clustered around. Then he helped a young woman from the car. Beaming, they made their way toward us.

"Home from the hospital, Uncle Matt. Look at the fine gossoon," the young father urged.

"Troth, yes. A *broth* of boy he is and no mistake."

"Granny has taken out the christening robe great-grandfather, grandfather, father and I wore, and day after tomorrow this lad will wear it to church. His name will be Terence, for his father, his grandfather and his Uncle Terence."

For some time a tantalizing aroma had been coming from the tent behind us and now Uncle Matt got up from his chair. Pointing to one side of the tent he nodded toward a table standing just outside the door. On it were portable wash basins, soap and spotless towels.

"Would ye be carin' to wash your face and hands before we eat?"

After we both had freshened ourselves, Uncle Matt led the way inside. Here was another surprise. If the Irish traders prefer the canvas roofs of their forefathers to modern apartments, they have every comfort under these roofs. More than comfort: luxury, I decided as my eyes fell on the lares and penates of the Irish household.

This tent, a miracle of cleanliness, was in two parts. The larger or inside portion was a square with a strong supporting pole in the middle. Here were the beds, each with a curtain around it for privacy. And what beds! Beneath the snowy softness of immaculate linen sheets were well-stuffed pillows and fine wool blankets. On the center pole which supported the tent hung a metal crucifix. Beneath it was a small circular mirror which had a

pocket for the family brush and comb.

"Will ye come to table, now?" Uncle Matt invited, and we moved into the outer portion of the tent.

Some ten of the men and boys of the family surrounded the table, and after making the sign of the cross and saying grace, we sat down. When the men folk had satisfied healthy outdoor appetites the women and children would eat. Now they served the meal. There was stew. Some famous chef might equal it for melt-in-the-mouth goodness, but I doubt it. Large, round loaves of soda bread, baked golden brown in a Dutch oven, were served warm, and we drank tea from bowls, none of which held less than a pint and more often a quart. After this came fresh strawberries.

As we left the tent I expressed my enjoyment of the meal.

"Aye, God's fresh blessing is with us. Twice a day we eat and it is good food," Uncle Matt answered.

"And superbly cooked," I added.

"Why not?" the old man countered. "Our women and girls are taught first to be good wives and mothers, next to be good housekeepers. Some think we neglect our children because we keep them with us as we move from place to place and they don't go to school. Lately a few of our clan have put their boys and girls in parish schools—but only to learn the fundamental studies, mind ye. The Irish trader wants his son to follow after him as a horse

trader. Why should the boy then study law or medicine? As for our girls, one of them is yet to learn shorthand, or how to file papers in some office; and if any of our colleens ever dreams of the stage or Hollywood she doesn't let it be known."

Since night had fallen the air was chill, but while we talked three or four of the young men had been building a huge camp fire in the center of the grove. The various groups drifted from their tents and gathered around until, as the fire blazed, there were between 40 to 50 seated in a circle. Young Tom produced his Kelly pipe, and one voice and then another took up the words of some wistful melody. This was followed by spirited ballads that must have come down from early ancestors. There was gaiety aplenty, with jokes, songs, chatter of politics among the men and excited whispering of the wedding among the women. The hours sped by, but not once did any of the young folk mutter something about a date, ask to take the family car, and slip away from the group. There are no parties where youngsters go off to enjoy themselves apart from the older folk. Petting parties and twosome automobile jaunts so usual among our younger fry are to them unknown.

Nine o'clock boomed from a distant clock. With thought of much to be done on the wedding morning the family groups said goodnight and disappeared.

Back in the Sherlock's tent I was shown a bed. As I made quick preparations for the night, I noticed its fine springs and the tufted goose-feather mattress.

I was awakened next morning by the voice of Granny Sherlock. She was seated just inside the tent and had gathered ten or 12 little girls around her. I heard her say, "Now I will teach you to be little ladies." A lady does this, or she does not do that. It was evident that what these wanderers lacked in book study they made up in family training. Early in life every little Maureen, Pat and Bridget, is taught piety, respect for elders, honesty and fairness toward everyone. While Granny instructed I dressed hastily and soon joined the family at table.

Outside, preparations for the wedding were under way. The younger men were scattering fresh pine straw over the ground to provide a kneeling place for the many friends and relatives who would be there. Already a dozen automobiles had drawn up to the grove, and the number kept increasing. Under a large tree an altar had been erected and women were decorating it with fine linen cloths, silver candelabra and flowers. At another side of the grove, long tables were being set up for the marriage banquet. Inside the different tents, as I was to learn later, these expert housewives were again preparing superlative food.

The hour for the wedding came. The priest arrived and stood in his robes before the altar. Kate, followed by her family, came from their tent. Clad in the traditional white satin dress and misty veil, she was, indeed, beautiful; while Little Dan, wearing a well-tailored black suit, looked singularly handsome. After the ceremony and nuptial Mass the crowd sat down to a sumptuous feast. For two hours they ate steadily and drank toasts to the young couple. The banquet finished, the guests moved in a body to witness the priest's blessing of the new tent.

As the guests made ready to leave I approached my new friends to say good-bye.

"How long do you plan to stay here in camp?" I asked.

"Until next Wednesday. The funeral will be on that day," Uncle Matt replied.

"Funeral?" I repeated, then remembered a previous reference by Young Tom to Big Tom's funeral.

"Faith, yes. Sorrow has long legs. Listen and I'll insense ye. When our people first came to this country, one of the McNamaras died and was buried while the clan was camping in Atlanta. Now we are a wandering people, but we love our own and we wish to be buried near one another. But we are so scattered some of the clan do not hear of a death in the group for weeks, or even knowin', are too far

to reach the spot at once. So we hold the bodies of any who die until two set days in the year. That would be April 30, in Atlanta, and May 1, in Nashville, our other burying point.

"Could I come to the funeral next Wednesday? Since I have shared your joy, I would like to be with you in your sorrow, too."

"It's happy we'll be to have ye."

I saw them no more until early on the morning of April 28, when I made my way to the undertaking establishment where the bodies lay in wait. Lined up in the street outside were no less than 100 automobiles each bearing the conventional funeral streamer. In the chapel I found my friends of the camp mingling with others. Their grief was so intense, it was hard to believe that their beloved dead had not just passed on. Each costly copper casket was surrounded by masses of flowers, each had family groups bending over for a last glimpse of the face within. Old Uncle Matt shook my hand but didn't speak. In a few moments the undertaker came into the chapel and his assistants gently wheeled the coffins to the hearses. The mourning relatives were all finally in the cars. Now the procession, flanked by motorcycle policemen to clear traffic, moved slowly to the church.

After a solemn requiem Mass at the church came the long trek to the cemetery. Friends and relatives gathered around each grave, and as the coffin was lowered there was another wild demonstration of grief. Three of the mourners fainted and had to be brought to consciousness before the cortege could depart. But in spite of reddened eyes the quicksilver quality of the Irish was asserting itself and spirits were rising as they set out for Nashville, where the next day a similar ceremony would take place.

I watched the long line of cars bearing these generous, lovable and impulsive people drive out of the cemetery and recalled that in Donegal there is a slab of rock called Ethane's Bed. It is said that to sleep on this stone for a night is never to know homesickness. Many emigrants bound westward have spent a night on it. It is easy to believe that among these were the original Irish traders, for they and their descendants have remained happy and content in this country. Fortified by right principles of piety, love of family, thrift and energy, they have prospered so greatly that today they stand unique in this: though their ranks number thousands none of them is without work, or dependent upon outsiders for support.

Today our logic consists mostly of missing links; and our family mostly of absent members.

From *The Drift from Domesticity* by G. K. Chesterton (Sheed: 1939).

Henri Bergson

By RAISSA MARITAIN

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

History is made

Henri Bergson has just died in Paris at the age of 81. All those who are in his debt for some benefit of the spirit, and the number of these is great both in France and elsewhere, will feel this loss deeply.

He had been ill a long time, and the events of this terrible year must have hastened his death. One of his last acts was to refuse the "favor" by which Vichy sought to exempt him from the degrading obligations to which, under Nazi pressure, all French Jews are henceforth subject. He would not accept this exemption, which was more humiliating than to suffer under the sad general law, and he resigned his chair in the Collège de France as well as all his other positions of honor. The newspapers even report that he undertook to submit himself to the special formalities connected with the registration of Jews, and that for this purpose, only a few weeks before his death, "he left his bed of suffering [he who for several years could scarcely move] and, dressed in a wrapper and slippers, leaning on the arm of his servant, stood in line in order to be inscribed as a Jew."

He died more than ever in solidarity with his people. Yet Henri Bergson had been baptized. He did not wish to

make this fact public during his lifetime, through delicacy of feeling for the persecuted Jews whom he would thus have seemed to have abandoned. But there is no longer any reason to keep silence over this great spiritual event. We do not know exactly when his Baptism took place. It was certainly several years after the publication of the *Two Sources*, hence after 1932. But his spiritual evolution had begun long since.

"He soon perceived the senselessness of mechanism," wrote Jacques Maritain as early as 1913. "He saw that the positivism which calls itself scientific is only an agglomeration of more or less unconscious prejudices, and that so vast an illusion must involve the responsibility of the whole of modern philosophy. This led him to seek the reality ignored by mechanism."

Bergson was the only one, at least among secular thinkers, to attempt such an intellectual change of direction.

When Jacques and I went to the Collège de France where Bergson was teaching, we were at the gates of despair. We struck a balance of all that our teachers at the Sorbonne had given us as provision for our journey—had given us very young people, who expected from them the principles of a

*386 4th Ave., New York City. Jan. 17, 1941.

true knowledge and of a just rule for action—and we found this balance to be merely dust and death. Positivism, scientism, mechanism, relativism: all these did violence in us to that “idea of the truth which is invincible to all skepticism,” as Pascal puts it. And we could only oppose our own suffering to this demoralization of the mind. All of these teachers personally had many merits, but in its results their teaching was entirely negative and destructive. It terminated in a sterile relativism. A relation to nothingness, since no absolute was allowed. As for us, in spite of everything, we persisted in seeking truth. What truth? The hope for a fullness of adhesion to a fullness of being.

Yet, until the unforgettable day when we first met Bergson, this hope had everywhere been repulsed. Now we found the philosopher in all the brilliance of his glory. A sure instinct guided his numerous listeners, and we were doubtless not the only ones to whom he gave back joy of the spirit by indubitably re-establishing the rights of metaphysics; by reaffirming that we can know the real and that by means of intuition we attain the absolute. At that time it made little difference whether this be done through intuition or through intelligence; it was first of all necessary to rediscover life.

The consummate art with which Bergson set forth his views, and seemed to carry us all along with him in the

progress of his discoveries, in no way weakened the subtlety and the technical excellence of his teaching. And the great lecture hall in which he spoke was too small to contain all those who were eager to hear him. We would come there early, with Charles Péguy, Ernest Psichari, Jean Marx, to be certain to get a seat.

Furthermore, we went once a week to a course in the interpretation of Greek thought which Bergson gave to a small number of pupils. The year in which I took this course it was devoted to Plotinus.

Together with Bergson and Plotinus there entered also into our lives another man who lived and another man who was dead: Léon Bloy and Pascal. It was a marvelous time of deliverance and of hope. But we did not yet know whither we were being led.

One day I hesitantly went to ask Bergson for advice with regard to my studies; doubtless, even more with regard to my life. Of all that he said at that time I remember only these words: “Always follow your inspiration.” I followed it indeed a little later by going with Jacques and with my sister to the God of the poor, the God of Léon Bloy.

We left for Germany, where we spent two years. We were never to return to Bergson’s courses. Later he published the most controvertible of his books, *Creative Evolution*. And Jacques, with the light of the faith, better un-

derstood the role played by the intelligence. His own personal activity began. He was to take a position in several essentials opposed to that of Bergson. We had lost Bergson as our master.

Creative Evolution appeared in 1907. Thereafter it was known that Bergson was working at a book on morals, which was not published until 1932. At the time of his glory, he became silent. And this silence, heroic under the circumstances, he continued for 25 years. They were 25 years of investigation into the history of humanity, into its moralities, its religions, its mystics. At long last appeared the *Two Sources of Morality and Religion*.

Whatever one may say about the system, the spirit is admirable. Having studied Greek mysticism, Oriental mysticism, the Prophets of Israel, Christian mysticism, Bergson believed himself justified in saying that Christian mysticism is the only one which has truly come to fruition. It was the experience of the mystics which led him to affirm the existence of God. He believed in the evidence of those who have had experience of divine things. He put the Christian mystics at the summit of humanity. "In reality," he wrote, "for the great mystics it is a matter of radically transforming humanity and of beginning by setting the example." He defended the mystics against those who would dismiss them as being mentally sick. "When one considers in its result

the interior evolution of the great mystics, one asks oneself how they could have been compared to sick people. Indeed, we live in a state of unstable equilibrium, and the normal health of the spirit, as indeed that of the body, is a thing which is difficult to define. Yet there does exist an intellectual health, solidly based, quite exceptional, which it is easy to recognize. It makes itself manifest by a taste for action, by the faculty of adapting oneself and re-adapting oneself to circumstances, by firmness joined to suppleness, by the prophetic discernment of what is possible and what is impossible, by a spirit of simplicity which triumphs over complexities, finally by a superior common sense. Is not all this precisely what we find in the mystics? And could they not serve as the very definition of the intellectually robust?"

Georges Cattaui, one of our Jewish friends recently converted to Catholicism, saw Bergson quite frequently after the publication of the *Two Sources*, and did not hesitate to question him with great indiscretion concerning Christian doctrines and concerning the way in which his book was to be understood in their connection. Bergson replied that in this book he wished to speak only as a philosopher, but that it was not forbidden for us to read between the lines. Cattaui urged me to see Bergson again; he told me that the philosopher remembered his former pupil, remembered the

young girl who followed his course on Plotinus.

I determined to make him a visit; it must have been in 1936 or 1937. With indescribable emotion I saw once more this master of my younger days. His sensitive face had scarcely changed. His eyes, which were blue like some piece of Italian pottery, remained ever clear. And there was about him an aura of wisdom and serenity which inspired veneration. Once again I felt like a little girl in his presence, as I had felt in the days at the Collège de France. But he, oblivious of the years that had passed, suddenly spoke to me without any preamble, "With you also did *it* begin with Plotinus?" *It* was our conversion to Catholicism, of which he was well aware. Could he have more clearly told me that *it* had happened to him also, and that his religious inquiry, his mystical inquiry, had begun with Plotinus?

He spoke of Jacques, and of Jacques' work. He said to me, "You know, when your husband set up my philosophy 'of fact' against my philosophy 'of intention' as containing certain virtuali-

ties which were not developed, he was right." And he continued, while my heart was filled with gratitude and admiration, "Since then we have moved toward each other, and we have met in the middle of the way." And I thought to myself that they had met in Christ, who is the Way, as He is also the Truth.

Jacques and I went to see him occasionally. Several times he said to us, "Everything good which has been done in the world since Christ and all the good which will be done—if any more is done—was done and will be done through Christianity." He told us one day that certain Jews converted to Catholicism asserted that they found therein the fulfillment of Judaism, "and that is true. Others hesitate to enter the Church because of the persecution that the Jews suffer today." And we understood that he himself still hesitated because of his love for his own people.

And when at last this summer we had assurance that he had been baptized, we were in no way surprised to be asked at the same time to keep it a secret while he yet lived.



The eminent psychologist who picked me up in his car let me pump him about his subject. Almost all nervous troubles, more or less, start with worry. And the strange part is that 90% of the things about which people worry never happen; 9% happen differently from what was anticipated; and the other 1% wouldn't be helped by worry anyhow.

Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (18 Jan. '41).

Gateway to Heaven

Dying is done triumphantly

By GEORGE J. RENNEKER, S.M.

Condensed from the *Apostle of Mary**

Kalaupapa is the name of the leper village on the island of Molokai. I do not know the meaning of this Hawaiian term; however, for me, it is the "Gate of Heaven," or, better, perhaps, the "Antechamber of Heaven."

Last summer I spent more than two months in the Hawaiian Islands. I visited four of the principal islands, Oahu, Maui, Hawaii, and Molokai, missing Kauai. Molokai was the last one. Tourists usually omit Molokai. The sky is just as blue, the sun is just as bright, the breezes are just as refreshing, the waters are just as inviting as elsewhere in the "Paradise of the Pacific." There are pineapple and sugar-cane plantations and cattle ranches, as on the other islands. There is even the beauty of tropical trees, shrubbery and flowers; but only in spots. The principal village of Kaunakakai, which is the port of Molokai, is like a small, western town, very hot and dusty. Molokai does not lure tourists.

I had come to the island on a cattle boat at night. When I awoke it was anchored in the harbor, about a quarter of a mile in from the village pier. There were not more than half a dozen other passengers, who had come to visit leprosy relatives. We descended into a rowboat which a launch pulled

to the pier. A Hawaiian youth with wonderful physique, dressed as for swimming, stood astride the rowboat for any emergency. The waters were calm, but a few years ago three passengers had been drowned when the rowboat had cut loose too soon from the launch and was dashed against the rocks. I ascended the pier and set foot on Kalaupapa. My permit to enter and to remain for religious activities was inspected and I was cordially greeted by the acting superintendent.

The peninsula on which Kalaupapa is located is the tropical garden of the island of Molokai. But nature has made it also a perfect prison. The Inter-Island steamer arrives and leaves but once a week, and it must anchor about a quarter of a mile from the land. During three or four months of the early part of the year, the harbor is too rough for the steamer to navigate. To the one side, the full length of the peninsula, are mountains, almost precipitous, 2,000 to 4,000 feet high. There is but one zigzag trail which leads to the only pass, closed by an immense gate and guarded day and night. All the other sides of the peninsula consist of rugged cliffs, where landing is impossible and against which high breakers dash dangerously.

*108 Franklin St., Dayton, Ohio. January, 1941.

The only other way of entry or exit is by private plane.

There are no genuine cures on Molo-kai. If there is a cure, it is generally believed that the patient did not have leprosy. No patient leaves Kalaupapa except now and then to be carried by plane to the leper hospital in Honolulu for an emergency operation, and to be brought back again; after death his body is buried on the peninsula.

Yet, I saw no signs of hopelessness among the patients. They lead a more or less normal life. There are approximately 400 patients, which is 600 fewer than ten or 15 years ago. The decrease is due to the improvement of hygienic conditions on the islands, which may gradually eliminate the disease. Single patients live in one of the four "homes." These consist of units of sleeping rooms, dining room, recreation room, infirmary, and attendants' apartments. The Franciscan Sisters are in charge of Bishop Home for women, and the Sacred Hearts Brothers, of Baldwin Home for men. Both of these homes have their own chapels. Married couples live in cottages. Children of leprous parents are taken to an orphanage in Honolulu. There is a hospital, a general store, a movie theater, a butcher shop, and a bakery. The patients have automobiles; work in offices, on the roads, or in their gardens; have parties, go to cottages along the so-called beaches for week ends; have courtships, get married, at times, un-

fortunately, are divorced; and after seven or eight years ordinarily succumb quietly to the disease. However, a few live to a ripe old age. Thus, the boy who served Mass for Father Damien in 1888 is still moving about and attends services regularly. They have no worries about their physical needs, since the government provides for all, even giving them pocket money every three months. There are few mental cases, and little physical suffering, since leprosy seems to dull the nervous system.

Approximately 200 of the patients are Catholics. Seventy of these are unable to come to the church. The leprous boys who serve at Mass and Benediction were most correct in observing the ceremonies, attentive to the celebrant, and cheerful, even though they had but stumps for fingers, the lobes of their ears seemed ready to fall off, their faces were swollen and the nose of one had almost entirely disappeared. I heard confessions either in the temporary confessional, or at the communion railing, or sitting in the pews.

Father Peter d'Orgeval, pastor of the church at Kalaupapa, is now approaching 70 years. He has spent the last 14 at this mission. He entered the Sacred Hearts Order when he was 50, with the request that he be assigned to the service of the lepers. He is French and served in the first World War. He is a very highly cultured man. I was enchanted by the hymns his choir sang at Benediction, and by

the polyphonic Mass on Sunday. His success with his choir is all the more remarkable since its membership is constantly changing, not only because of the toll of death, but also because the disease very soon injures the singers' voices.

One does not ask Father Peter where he sleeps. Everyone knows, however, that his bed is never touched, that he hasn't a couch, or even an easy chair. In his solicitude for his afflicted charges, he prays long and fervently. He has been seen resting at night at the foot of the altar. He keeps long vigils either in the church or at the bedside of a dying patient. Before 5 o'clock in the morning he is at his *prie-dieu* in the church. He is always active and cheerful. He lives alone in his cottage near the church; takes breakfast at the Sisters' and his evening meal with the Brothers. He loves books. Once a month after his breakfast, he climbs the trail and visits Father John Mary. I accompanied him the morning after the close of the mission. We first went to the church at Kaunakakai where he and Father John took their turns as confessor and penitent. Once a month, Father John descends the trail to return the visit. At 10 o'clock at night they take leave of one another. My heart went out to Father Peter that night when we said *Aloha* to one another, and I saw him with his flashlight de-

scend alone the 1,600 feet to Kalaupapa.

The last day, over a rocky road, I went to the other end of the peninsula to what was once the village of Kalowao, the original leper settlement, where Father Damien and Brother Joseph Dutton labored and died. All that remain are the church of St. Philomena built by Father Damien, his former grave, and the little cemetery where Brother Dutton and other missionaries and patients are buried. Mass is still said in the church on the feast of St. Philomena and on the anniversary of the death of Father Damien. It is remarkable that Father Damien, who has been dead for more than 50 years, was the only attendant of the patients who ever contracted the disease. Some like to believe that by his own affliction he merited the favor of immunity for all who follow him in rendering this noble service. Mother Marianna, the pioneer Franciscan Sister to heed Father Damien's urgent appeal for assistance and who resigned her office as provincial to devote herself to this mission, promised her Sisters immunity from the disease provided they would observe the rules of precaution.

Frequently during the mission I called their village the "Gate of Heaven," and I feel that that is what it is. There are such glorious sunsets at Kalaupapa.

•
Their death is Easter who make life their Lent.—Coventry Patmore.

Those Who Cannot See

By JOHN J. CONNOLLY

Sight and insight

Condensed from *America**

I have never seen any survey of Catholic work for the blind in our country. To the best of my knowledge, no such survey has ever been made.

Of the more than 50 schools for the blind in the U. S., only three are Catholic. Of institutions for the adult blind, I personally know of only three under Catholic auspices. The work of transcribing Catholic literature into braille by machine presses has, until recently, been confined to two presses.

Institutions alone cannot solve all problems, as only a small number of the blind are resident in institutions. There remains a vast number who must look to individuals or local organizations for a solution of their problems. There are many such in the U. S.; to mention only a few: the sodalities of the blessed Virgin, the Legion of Mary, the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Among the organizations interested in the transcribing of braille we may mention the monumental work accomplished by the Xavier Free Publication Society, the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, the Kenwood Braille Press, the Mercy Braille Clubs, and many others.

Four years ago His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell, archbishop of Boston, observing the excellent work

which had been done in his diocese, decided the time was opportune to organize, coordinate and expand. In 1936 he founded the Catholic Guild for the Blind.

The story of its work for the blind in the archdiocese of Boston will give a fair idea of the possibilities of a program for Catholic Action for the benefit of the blind throughout the country. The focal point of the whole program centers about retreats held regularly for four separate groups of blind people: boys, girls, men and women, at the various retreat houses throughout the diocese. Essential to all these retreats are the services of groups of volunteer workers who drive the blind to and from the retreat houses, and act as guides during the time of retreat. The retreat program itself is not essentially different from the retreat for a sighted group.

Special value of these retreats lies in the fact that so many of the blind are restricted in their contacts with the Church. Their handicap keeps many of them from attending church services regularly and often deprives them of an opportunity to read Catholic literature.

These two difficulties have led to other activities of the guild. To enable

*329 W. 108th St., New York City. Jan. 11, 1941.

the blind to attend Sunday Mass and other church services, the guild early formed a volunteer guide service and now, with the assistance of these guides, many of the blind who have not been to church for years go every Sunday and some of them daily.

The guild has also striven to make available an increased supply of Catholic literature in braille. Transcription into braille may be done either by hand or by machine press. Both of these methods have been used by the guild.

Hand transcription is efficient only when a small number of copies of a work is desired. Volunteer transcribers have put single copies of many works into braille by this method. A braille project of the Works Projects Administration has transcribed numerous works of Catholic interest. At present, two W. P. A. braille projects in Boston are devoting part of their time to the brailling of textbooks for students in Catholic colleges.

Transcription by machine press is the method followed when many copies of the same work are desired. The guild's first venture into this field was in the brailling of Father Hilary Weger's *Studies in Religion*, a textbook for adult discussion clubs and for Catholic students in public high schools. This text, covering a three-year course, was begun a year ago.

The most noteworthy advance in the field of Catholic literature in braille to be made in recent years, is the tran-

scription of the CATHOLIC DIGEST. The first braille copy of the DIGEST appeared in September, 1940. Credit for this must go to the understanding and far-seeing editors* of the CATHOLIC DIGEST. The Catholic Guild for the Blind, however, acted as intermediary for the DIGEST in all of the arrangements for the brailling.

In 1939, Perkins Institution (Massachusetts State School for the Blind) decided to give more time to religious and cultural subjects.

Since that time the assistant director of the guild, together with 11 of the diocesan Sisters of St. Joseph who are proficient readers of braille, have been teaching at the school each week. The Catholic children enrolled are in every grade from kindergarten through advanced high school. The teachers there have made a study of methods of teaching the blind and are putting these methods into practice in the teaching of religion.

It is difficult for them to teach the Mass by the prayers of the Mass, since no missal is available in braille; a complete braille missal would be so bulky as to be entirely out of the question. Even the smallest prayer book for children is an unwieldy volume when brailled.

The guide service mentioned above

*Credit also must go to those who have contributed, or will contribute, to the braille fund. A gift of \$10 entitles the donor to direct a year's subscription to the individual or institution he wishes.—Editor.

is not restricted merely to those desirous of attending religious service. There are many other places that the blind, like the sighted, wish to go. Supplementing the work of the guides is a motor corps. Volunteer drivers give their time to take the blind for rides. Other volunteers serve as visitors. This service is particularly for those who live alone or who have few if any callers, for whom dark day follows dark night in unbroken sequence. In such cases, the guild introduces to the blind person a sighted individual who has volunteered to share his time and friendship.

Next there is the reader service. This is an invaluable form of Catholic Action. Necessarily, Catholic braille literature is limited, but the reader who gives his services to the blind makes available the latest in worth-while Catholic literature. The assistance of readers is especially valuable to students. This form of Catholic Action makes use of volunteers to assist students at the school for the blind and also blind students who are attending college and graduate schools.

All that has been said thus far has not taken into consideration the financial needs of the blind. This is an important phase of the work of the guild. Among the blind, as among any group of handicapped people, you will find many who need financial assistance. The guild's work is to seek out the proper agencies of relief and also to

give supplementary budget assistance. The guild is also interested in the higher education of the talented blind. This year scholarships for the blind were secured from Holy Cross College, the University of Notre Dame, Boston College, Regis College and the New England Conservatory of Music. At each of these five institutions there is one blind student in attendance, fully capable of meeting the sighted students in scholarly competition.

The employment service of the guild seeks to find places for the blind in industry. This is one of the surest ways of bringing happiness to the blind, as to the sighted: to provide an opportunity for them to give expression to the talents which they possess. What can they do? In the business world the blind may act as sales managers, advertising managers, public-relations counsels, typists and ediphone operators, stenographers, switchboard operators, insurance brokers, executives of all kinds.

The greatest of the problems of the blind is not so much sightlessness as the blindness of a seeing world which cannot understand how a person even after years of training can be better for a handicap. Most of the people in the world think of the blind as different from themselves. They fail to understand the blind and, consequently, do not realize the help that is needed. We shall understand the blind only when we know them.

The Spirit and the Letter

Charity is young

By M. BODKIN, S.J.

Condensed from the *Irish Monthly**

Some years ago a very zealous conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul dropped into the habit of having a group photograph taken of the members after the breakfast which followed their annual reunion Mass and holy Communion. One day a "brother" was looking at one of these old photographs and an idea struck him. "It's a funny thing," said he, "I've never seen a photograph of a St. Vincent de Paul conference except ours." His companion thought. No, he had never seen one either, not in the daily press, nor in any religious paper, certainly not in the society's *Bulletin*. The photo has never been taken since.

Now this trifling example of the spirit of the society, an expression of the Gospel principle of not letting the right hand know what the left hand does, which descended to them from the founders, is now hallowed by a century of unswerving practice. The almost morbid humility of the society's foster father, M. Bailly, and of Frederick Ozanam, its founder, was at the root of this determination to shun publicity, and has certainly served the society well.

It was M. Bailly who refused to speak of "presidents" and "their pow-

ers," because "those whom we call president have no other mission but to preserve order and to maintain and encourage whatever is good"; a good president "is he who is marked out to be the servant of the rest." It was Ozanam with his profound historic studies who spoke of the fate which had befallen many religious movements begun in poverty and lowliness but dazzled by success and the applause which goes with it, who emphasized most the need for corporate self-effacement. "Let us learn," he wrote, "from the example of St. Vincent, who would not allow a priest of the mission to speak of 'our holy congregation.' Collective pride" which often conceals itself under the name of *esprit de corps*, or under the guise of edification and making conversions, must be resolutely put away." How little sympathy he had with that sort of righteous accountancy which wastes time on the mere counting of past triumphs or vanished glories. "Charity," he wrote again, "should never look back but always ahead." Sometimes one is almost tempted to think he went too far in this matter, as, for instance, when he, the trained professor of history, rejoiced that the minutes and brief records which had been kept of their

*5 Gt. Denmark St., Dublin, C. 16, Ireland. January, 1941.

first meetings were lost. "This little summary of work," he wrote, "contained, perhaps, a note of pride. The document is lost. That does not distress us much. God has permitted us to lose this sheet which would only have caused us idle vanity. I do not think the loss will do you much injury. You will not do as we do, you will do better." If that is history's defeat it is surely sanctity's victory.

All the great works of the society were started by men trained to work for the poor in the ranks of the ordinary "visitation conferences," conferences whose anonymity exceeds that of many a "secret society." For the very nature of the law under which they lived and worked had bred in them, as it was intended to do, a distaste for all that publicity which aims at spiritual good through the medium of personal advertisement. Thus it is that the society debarb its members from making any use of their position in it or activities under it for any temporal gain. In this "the knights of charity" differ *toto caelo* from certain other distinguished companionships. But they carry their point of view to the almost morbid length of refusing to have any but non-members in any position of gain or emolument under them, whether they be simple caretakers or trained medical men.

The society goes further. It allows no flag or banner to this army of Christ, not so much as a certificate or parch-

ment recording entrance or membership. That membership must not be publicly made known without grave reason. Indeed, were the writer of this article at present a member of the society he would not have ventured to write about it. It is no small sacrifice in these times of ours to forego uniform, badge and insignia, to prohibit members corporate appearance in any pilgrimage, procession or ceremony. They may not even take a special place in church, such as, from remote times, has been often allotted to third Orders or sodalities. And when a member dies, mention of his work for the society, even his membership in it, may not be uttered in funeral oration, inscribed on mortuary card, or even lettered on his tomb. Remember, this last is perhaps the ultimate sacrifice which the good Frenchman can be called on to offer upon the altar of humility.

It was on another occasion that two of the senior members of the conference already referred to, emphasized, again quite by accident, another of the characteristics of the society to which they belonged. They were talking of the approaching marriage of a member who had given years of faithful service to the conference. "Alas," said one bachelor to another, "I suppose poor old Marmaduke is lost to us now." "Too true," came the answer with a sad shake of the head, "I don't believe we've a married man among us. But

then you remember, 'I have married a wife and cannot come.'" Now, it is an actual fact that in that large conference there were no active members at the time who combined the married state with a constant affection for Lady Poverty in the guise in which she presents herself to the "St. Vincent's gentleman." Of course, this was an exaggerated example of the dangers of matrimony, and no one need fear that the two vocations are incompatible, or that many of the best members of the society do not, in fact, combine them. Nevertheless, there remains a germ of truth behind the rather ridiculous incident. It is the fact that the society does not appeal, as might be expected, primarily to old, experienced, wealthy men of settled virtue, but to youth, youth often impecunious, frequently in a state of healthy spiritual unrest, not seldom hasty, occasionally even rash, but youth almost invariably courageous and generous.

Here again the society is doing no more than preserve in a remarkable manner the spirit of its original founders and early history. It is clear that

with the exception of M. Bailly, a middle-aged journalist and lawyer, all the first members were not merely young but most of them were little more than boys. Ozanam, when he founded the society in 1833, was only 20. He was already, it is true, a leader of the young, though they did not yet follow him from his lecture hall cheering their professor.

Youth has the spirit which weighs anchor for new worlds. We think at once of Lainez and Salmeron at Trent, or in the secular sphere of the St. Justs and the Lannes, not to mention the Napoleons and Alexanders on the march. But it is the natural tendency of works begun in youth with ardor and energy and enterprise to "set," as it were, to grow a little bald and a little gray just as the young founders themselves no doubt grew. If a society is to be kept fresh, it needs constant sacrifice of the most precious of possessions, our settled opinions and settled ways. Yet the St. Vincent de Paul Society has been kept from stagnation not by a trickle of fresh blood but by a torrent.



Give Up?

Two frogs once fell into a pail of cream. The cream was deep and the sides of the pail were steep and slippery. For several hours they swam around trying desperately to climb out, until one of the frogs gasped, "I give up!" He sank and was drowned.

The other frog, however, kept on gamely struggling and splashing until eventually he found himself sitting comfortably on a large lump of butter.

The Notre Dame Bulletin (9 Jan. '40).

The Duty of Hospitality

Condensed from the *Chicago Catholic Worker**

Red tape becomes confetti

The temptation, here at the St. Joseph House of Hospitality, to grow "efficient" and statistical, to borrow the technique of social work, is ever with us. We try to resist the temptation, although we know our inefficiency and seeming disorder is a scandal to many. Things might be a little more comfortable for everybody if we kept only half the number of people we do; for instance, we would be able to serve better meals and provide more spacious quarters for our guests. However, it seems better that all of us sacrifice some comfort for the common good. Everyone takes less so that all can have something. Everyone tolerates crowding so that no one has to sleep on the streets. Everyone does without butter and dessert so that no one has to miss a meal. That is one phase of what we mean when we speak of voluntary poverty.

We have many more calls made on us than we can possibly handle. Priests from all over the city send men down here; charitable agencies unable to take the "case" at hand turn it over to us (the while they bemoan our "inefficiency"!); and besides these we have several hundred who look only to us for help.

Visitors, seeing all this, ask, "Doesn't the state do something for these peo-

ple? Can't they get on relief, or join the CCC's, or receive unemployment compensation, or apply for old-age pension, or something? Why is there need for private charity any more? I thought the state took care of all that."

The plain fact is that the state is not reaching all those in need. There are yards and yards of red tape withholding many from necessary assistance. More than once the telephone here has called us to conversation with a worker for the Chicago Relief Administration. "We have a man here," she will say, "who hasn't had anything to eat since yesterday morning. He is destitute, has no lodging for tonight or the next night or the next. We don't know just what to do. He won't be eligible for state assistance for another six months or a year or never, or until we locate a birth certificate or marriage license or divorce papers, and we have no way of helping him right now. Can we send him over to you?"

From a purely practical standpoint there is a great need for personal charity and the personal practice of the corporal works of mercy. Left to the "efficiency" of the state, thousands would starve to death while birth records were searched for and marriages were proved and divorces were checked!

But aside from that, as Christians,

*868 Blue Island Ave., Chicago, Ill. January, 1941.

the duty of personal charity will ever be with us. Charity is of the very essence of Christianity. If ever we lose the social aspect of this virtue by which men are known as Christians, if ever we abandon the practice of personal charity, then we have sacrificed the heart of our religion.

Rules that cannot be broken are the damnation of charity. Red tape can strangle the very heart of love, and charity is love. St. Paul hit the nail on the head: charity is patient, is long-suffering, seeks not her own, is not puffed up, is not perverse.

Once Christians translated this into action better than they do today. One of the early Fathers of the Church speaks of a Christ room in every home reserved for the needy. The parish home was once as important as the parish dome. The monasteries provided for all who had no other home. There were no empty rooms in rectories. The guest rooms of the Christians were occupied by those in need.

Today it is a different story. If a man applies to the Catholic Charities here in Chicago, he is given a ticket that provides for a night's lodging and breakfast at a Madison St. hotel. He may apply several times but each time he is given a ticket. This is probably the best that can be done until Catholics realize again the old concept of Christian hospitality, and this exposition is not meant to be a criticism of the authorities at the Catholic Charities.

But it seems a shame and a pity that the old way, the welcoming of a needy stranger as Christ Himself, is so completely forgotten that a man applying to the Church for aid is turned over to a cheap city hotel, a place without a single Christian symbol in it, rooms without crucifixes, meals without public grace, priestless places run on a commercial basis.

This situation is not at all unusual. I know of one needy man who applied for help at a Catholic institution and was presented a ticket allowing him consideration at the local Salvation Army center! Men and women walk the streets hungry and homeless, and there are empty guest rooms in Catholic homes, rectories, monasteries and convents! Catholics, even priests and Religious, turn over the Christian duty of hospitality to government agencies, charity bureaus, Salvation Army centers.

The basis of Christian hospitality is Christian charity. We show our love for God by our love for each other. And if we really saw Christ in our fellow men and it meant more to us than a convenient pious phrase, we would open our doors and invite to our tables the poor. We certainly wouldn't send Christ to a cheap hotel with a ticket in His hand.

The personal practice of the works of mercy is within the reach of everyone. There are few so poor that they cannot divide their wealth. There is

none so poor that he cannot divide his poverty.

Men and women slept on park benches, crowded in doorways, spent the nights on loading platforms and ill-constructed Hoover camps when Peter Maurin, founder of the *Catholic Worker*, first agitated for Catholic houses of hospitality to meet the needs of the times. It was during the depression days of 1933 that Peter first pleaded publicly for hospices all over the country. First to act upon the idea were Dorothy Day, his associate, and Maurin himself. There grew up around them the *Catholic Worker* movement.

Now, scattered throughout the country, most of them located in the slum districts of large cities, are Houses of Hospitality affiliated with the *Catholic Worker* movement. Every few months, a new house, patterned after the mother hospice in Mott St., New York City, is founded. Today, seven years after the

beginning of the first house, there are 30 CW hospices in America stretching from Los Angeles, Calif., to Rutland, Vt. According to hazy statistics (usually no records are kept at the houses), about 10,000 men, women, and children were fed, clothed, and given work in the CW hospices during 1940. Affiliated with the movement are 11 farms, nuclei of Catholic community living on the land.

Not all houses of hospitality are *Catholic Worker* houses. Here and there throughout the country are parish hospices, diocesan hospices, privately conducted hospices, all centers for the works of mercy.

The notion of Christian hospitality has been restored considerably to U. S. Catholic consciousness. Reflected today in colleges, seminaries, convents, monasteries, rectories and Catholic homes is the spirit pervading Peter's early written pleas for hospitality.



Overrun

It was at the close of Sunday Mass in the northernmost mission of Manchukuo. I had not said anything in my sermon about the feast we were celebrating, so when I finished the last Gospel, I spoke for three or four minutes. Imagine my surprise to hear the altar boy shout *Deo gratias* as I finished speaking.

In the sacristy, later, I said to him, "You don't like my sermons, do you?"

"Oh, yes, Father, but I had the *Deo gratias* left over, and I didn't have time to get it in before."

Michael Henry in the *Maryknoll Junior* (Feb. '41).

Nuns in the Movies

How to mow 'em down

By INYOKEL

Condensed from the *Register**

"Now, you take the nuns, Inyokel," mused the padre, swinging out so suddenly to dodge a puddle that I burned my finger with his cigar. Before I could calm down enough to assure him that I had no desire to take any nuns, and that I had a fixed idea about where steeplechasing clerical chauffeurs should be taken, he went on:

"The nuns: there's some fine material for the movies. The padres have crashed the screen and brought crowds through the foyers that would shy at a holy-water stoup. The picturing of the ordained ministers of the Church, which held Hollywood's nose, forced the Legion of Decency down its throat, and made it say 'Ah,' is building more swimming pools and piling up new night-club memberships for the Croesuses of the celluloid. Why doesn't somebody tip them off to the drama housed by convent walls; the pulsing story that is hidden, like the vegetables the nun is bringing home from market, beneath her cloak; the pathos that could be squeezed from the prescribed monotone of the chanting Carmelite who was once on the concert stage? Let us have a few real nuns worked into a feature or two, and believe me, Inyokel, as that other great Irishman says, 'They'll mow 'em down.'

"Real nuns, Inyokel. I don't mean the sugary *White Sister* species, nor the frozen-faced automaton that Fannie Hurst described as answering a convent doorbell, nor yet the cowed inmate held in bondage by disappointed love, or physical fear, or base designs of priestcraft. All these are on a par with the lean and hungry sanctimonious cleric who used to be dragged in when the screen needed a pious hypo; a type now superseded by the pugnacious padre with the mail-order muscles. Real nuns, women who do live in convents, who do bring home spinach and spuds, and who do chant the *O Salutaris* on one note; they do all of these, and doing them, they are women like their sisters of the world, because living together and getting meals and singing to their loved ones are woman's métier. These creatures who dress in outmoded styles (for every religious garb was at one time or place the fashion of the day) are only women, honest-to-God American girls who did not cease to be flesh and blood when they turned their backs upon men and decided to be honest to God.

"Yes, I know what you are thinking. How can the Hollywood scenarists get to know religious life as it is? The average nun, save in the hospitals, has

*Central California edition. *Fresno, Calif. Jan. 19, 1941.*

little contact with non-Catholics. Their school and catechism classes keep some in touch with those of the faith, but others rarely have the opportunity, or the courage, to penetrate the reserved exterior which the Sisters must of necessity preserve. Fannie Hurst may have met just such a nun as she pictured, but she was deceived by appearances.

"I, too, have sat in convent reception rooms and heard the jangle of a distant bell counting out the number of the Sister I awaited. Then silence. A clock ticking on the mantel, far away a swish of skirts and fading footsteps, and then silence again. I know one parlor where for a score of years the same books have lain dusted meticulously, at the same angle on the same table. It is there that some day I hope to complete the perusal of a pictorial work on Ireland, if God spares me. Up to now, while waiting to see the superior or girls I had known in their school days, I have read as far as Carrick-on-Suir. In such settings as these, with the almost audible quiet seeping into one's very soul, non-Catholics can form images of convents as living tombs. But if they could see the scurrying when their message is received, the dropping of class preparation or dish-washing and the swift tidying and patting of habit and coif before the holy lady demurely taps on the parlor door, it would help. And if they could hear, in case it is recreation time, the quip

and parry, or behold the outlandish costumes that grace the intramural high jinks, as on Holy Innocents' day, they would know that a convent parlor is about as representative of life within as a railroad ticket office is indicative of a national park.

"In the holidays, Inyokel, I have heard from many of these women whom I have known a while, or who are bound to me by ties of blood. And in that time I learned that one active young nun hopes yet to master skiing, despite several undignified setbacks. The hill behind their college is quite secluded. Another is still rejoicing at Seabiscuit's victory over War Admiral, because she once taught the son of the owner. Several are depressed because Notre Dame did such poor blocking in the Coliseum, and one strictly cloistered soul fears the effect of Mooney's pardon. On my desk is an invitation to the taking of first vows by an Amazonian lassie who on occasion convulsed a charity circus by her burlesque of a professional strong man. And I have seen a whole community in unfeigned tears because one of them had been transferred at a day's notice to a distant post.

"Remember that question the youngster asked his mother after he had studied the headdress of the nun in charge of his class, 'Do sisters have ears?' Yes, Inyokel, they have ears and hearts, as well as tongues and eyes. And, although they have dedicated

their bodies and souls to the service of the Master, and Hollywood could not even begin to record the noble deeds and silent prayers and sacrifices they render to God and man, no epic of their lives can ring true until filmdom discovers that the spouses of Christ are, with Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady, sisters under the skin, and that not only Father Flanagan, but also St. Teresa, had to start institutions with a puzzle and a prayer, and that Sisters of Mercy are Religious whether, as they are portrayed on a monument in the

national capital, they minister to the wounded, or imitate their foundress in her dying moments. When her approaching death had caused those near Mother McCauley to send for the superiors of her other convents in Ireland, she opened her eyes and, seeing them, whispered, 'These poor nuns have traveled far. Make them a cup of tea.' What a wallop that scene would pack in Hollywood, Inyokel! You know, a fadeout of a Carpenter sitting on a hillside saying, 'Whosoever shall give a cup of water in My name . . .'



Deportment Department

In some prayer books, after the last station of the Way of the Cross, one finds this direction: "Now say five *Paters*, *Aves* and *Glorias*, to gain the indulgences." No prayer of any kind is required to gain the indulgences of the Stations when they are made in church. All that is necessary is to walk from station to station and meditate on the passion of Christ. When the Stations are made publicly, the people in the pews gain the indulgences if they are properly disposed and attend to the meditations made by the priest who, with the servers, goes from station to station. In some churches it is customary, and praiseworthy, for the people in the pews to turn towards the station before which the meditation is being read. One who is in a state of grace gains a plenary indulgence every time he says the Stations, and if he has received Holy Communion that day, he gains a second plenary indulgence. The Stations may be made several times a day, and the indulgence gained as often.

Francis J. Mutch in the *Ecclesiastical Review* (Dec. '40).

Corporate Democracy

By BERNARD W. DEMPSEY, S.J.

St. Paul described it

Condensed from the pamphlet*

The phrase "corporative order" means that the social body is like the human body, having various members doing different things for the good both of the member and of the whole. Speaking in this broad way, corporative can be applied to many social systems and everything depends on how you develop the comparison implied. Yet in present-day usage, corporative is applied loosely to systems which are more correctly called totalitarian, which use the comparison between the human body and social body not only in the ways where there is a likeness, but in ways where there is none and in ways where there is positive opposition.

The members of the social body are not mere *parts*; each one is also a complete whole, a little total with an end and purpose absolutely its own. The eye taken from the human body is useless and purposeless. Man taken from society is out of his normal condition; he will not flourish and develop easily, he will not be at his best, but he remains a complete man, and a man with a grand purpose, and because a person, social, but a complete personality in any case.

In this instance, though, Catholic practice has not allowed the word to go the way of other good words that have

been misused. Popes and bishops have continued to use corporative and kindred expressions in spite of the possibility of misinterpretation. The reason is clear: the corporate comparison, the likeness with the living human body, is too instructive to be allowed to lapse. Our purpose in using the word and the comparison is to set right a false impression which grew up just prior to the French Revolution, and which has been widely accepted in the English-speaking countries and extensively imitated elsewhere. That false idea was that men in society were individuals first, last and only; they were like pebbles in a bucket, or like balls on a billiard table. They were rolled this way and that and bounced one off the other in a rigid and passive fashion. The only thing to do was to let them roll; nothing was to be accomplished by interfering with them; a mysterious force called competition necessarily led them to the best possible result. No clear reason was ever assigned for this magic operation of competition but faith in it was profound. The class from whence the writers of this theory came benefited by the force of competition, so the theory was appealed to and accepted. Here is a view of society based not on a comparison with a

*1941. Central Bureau Press, 3835 Westminster Pl., St. Louis, Mo. 23 pp. 10c.

living body, but on a comparison with simple mechanics; indeed, with the simplest mechanics, for the comparison is not valid even with a machine.

The falsity of this view should have been apparent on many scores, and actually was apparent when applied outside the economic field; the folly of it was obvious. We commonly find two other types of human association outside the economic sphere: first, the family, second, the state: that is, the domestic order and the civil order. If we applied the mechanical analogy strictly in these fields we would have a theory of free love in the domestic order and of anarchy in the civil order. Some very few people have advocated just that, and it is perfectly consistent with advocating competition in the economic order. But most sensible people, even those who have been led to accept the magic of competition in the economic field, have no patience with the theories of anarchy and free love. That is very inconsistent; for man is not one thing in his business life and another in his domestic and civil life.

History is full of guilds of a hundred different forms, not only in Christian countries but in the ancient pagan countries, and in modern pagan countries like China and Japan. And in Western Europe and America we have all manner of economic associations, trade and labor unions, employer associations, chambers of commerce, insur-

ance and benefit societies, saving and loan associations, trade associations, and consumer and producer cooperatives, to say nothing of the professional associations among physicians, dentists, lawyers, teachers, engineers, accountants, etc. Men talk competition but act association.

That human tendency to associate is the basis of the corporative order and Catholic writers have been willing to keep the word because it so neatly and fully exposes the shortcomings of mechanical theories of economic society. The corporative theory in brief is this: man is a person with a necessary end to be attained and with natural rights to the things necessary to attain that end, and with a natural impulse to perfect and complete his personality. As a person, he has an absolute value; no other person may use him merely as a means to an end. But strangely, that complete and absolute personality can develop only in association. Man does not thrive alone. He takes his origin in the association of the family and normally finds his own natural development in a family of his own. Families for their own further advancement combine to form a village or town. From start to finish man seeks his own perfection and development by forming associations for his improvement, help, protection, enlightenment or recreation.

The same is true in the economic field. "As nature induces those who

dwell in close proximity to unite into municipalities, so those who practice the same trade or profession, economic or otherwise, combine into vocational groups," as the Holy Father says.

The basis of this is the division of labor as a form of cooperation. We have a variety of talents which are developed by specializing; we are able to produce more at least cost to the benefit of everyone. But now at once we see our dependence upon the community. I can excel in the production of one thing only because the community releases me from the necessity of producing everything I need. We each make a contribution of a special sort to the community's welfare, and in return we expect and receive a claim on the product of the rest of the community. We are most intimately interdependent and the various economic groups are justly compared to the various organs of the body, each making an indispensable contribution to the whole body and receiving in return the things necessary for its own growth and health.

Minnesota, for example, gives the world milk and butter and cheese and in return buys clothes, Fords, Fordsons and furniture. Now, if the dairy industry is not sufficiently well paid less clothes and fewer Fords will be bought and soon both dairymen and manufacturers will suffer; and if the dairy industry is too well paid soon the workers in Detroit and Grand Rapids

and Chicago will be buying less butter and cheese; for just as in the human body one ailing or overdeveloped organ drags down the whole, so in the corporate economy, products must exchange close to their true social cost or the economic body is less healthy than it could be. That is, the standard of living is lower than it would be if the price system recorded true social costs and benefits.

In such a view of society, and it is the only realistic view, we have a co-ordination, a real order of economic groups. Each group is bound together by the common service it performs for the community as a whole; all are joined together in a true corporative order. The goal of this order is the common good, just as the goal of each organ of the body is the health of the whole body, and in the health of the whole body each member organ finds its own health. Men engaged in the same business have many common interests which they have always recognized, but what has not been recognized and certainly has not been emphasized is that they also have a common responsibility. Each group expects for itself a fair living and strives to get it, sometimes as an organized group, sometimes as a mass of individuals; but our mechanistic economics has not emphasized that good living should and can be received only as compensation for services rendered and costs incurred. As soon as we do recognize

the existence of the groups as a matter of fact and bring them out in the open and promote their interest *and* their responsibilities, three important results follow:

First, we are then in a position to study the real sources of wealth and the causes of its distribution. We can see what groups are contributing to the community less than they are getting paid for and what groups are being paid less than they contribute.

Secondly, we automatically put an end to the so-called class war. Instead of an artificial and wasteful division of men according to how much they have or have not, we have a realistic and productive union of men according to what they do, according to the contribution they make to the community.

Thirdly, we have in the corporative order the means of avoiding the ruinous possibility of too much state, which means too much politics in business. Social control of economic activity is desirable and inevitable and something which no reasonable person wishes to be entirely without. But dominantly political control of economic activity is a different matter. The corporations within the economic order are self-governing and have a right to exist independent of the political state, and they can handle disputes or adjustments on technical matters more expeditiously than the civil courts, which lack the specialized knowledge to deal with them.

These are substantial advantages which bring with them the solution or the means to solve our major economic problems, which have swamped the civil state in its attempts to deal with them. Big government and big politics are no remedy for big business.

The corporative order calls for the explicit recognition of relationships that are already present. It would allow the vocational group to regulate itself so as to eliminate the wastes of aimless competition; it would foster competition where it should be fostered, namely, in the quality of the product at any price that fully covers true social costs.

It should not be necessary to emphasize how far this is from the totalitarian state and is, as a matter of fact, the chief safeguard against it, for peoples turn to dictators when they despair of solving their problems by cooperative action. The corporative order, just as the family and the state on their own levels, exists for the sake of the concrete individual persons who make it up.

And that means for everyone a real responsibility. The maintenance of strong independent family life, of democracy in the civil order, and the extension of democracy into economic life through the corporative order are personal responsibilities. If we get into the habit of looking to the state instead of helping ourselves we will find that we have lost the independence of action we tried to keep when we shifted our

responsibility. If you shift your responsibilities to the state you will find your independence gone too, and you will not have a society on any level, domestic, economic or civil, that will serve its purpose of fortifying the individual members who compose it, but society will go its own way with a purpose of its own, the purpose of the individuals who happen to hold control of it.

The Christian corporative order is similar in the economic field to a great truth in the strictly religious field. "For as the body is one, and hath many members; and all the members of the body, whereas they are many, yet are one body, so also *is* Christ. And if

one member suffer any thing, all the members suffer with it. Now you are the body of Christ, and members of member" (I Cor. XII).

This is the doctrine of the mystical Body of Christ, or more simply, the social Christ, because Christ associates with Himself and identifies Himself with His children. Christ built His Church and gave the sacraments for the benefit of the individual soul, for the concrete real person, and He set down stern penalties for the irresponsible. So in the corporative order with its hierarchy of societies, all exist for the good of the real persons. The person who abdicates his responsibility will pay dearly for it.



Abbreviation

I was sailing from Zamboanga to Manila for our annual eight-day retreat. The inter-island boat was small, the passengers few, the steward a tall, very polite Hollander, who spoke an English not too grammatically correct, but who redeemed himself by speaking it with a delightful Dutch accent. Wishing to imitate the big ocean liners by posting a "Passenger List," he came to inquire my name. Simply I gave it to him: "Father Clark from Zamboanga."

Evidently he had never formally learned all the rules of English abbreviation, especially that "Father" is usually abbreviated to "Fr." But working on the general principle experience had taught him of adopting only the first few letters, like Gov. for Governor and Pres. for President and Col. for Colonel and Rev. for Reverend, he wrote out my name and added it to the others posted on the board. A few hours later I, who am fairly tall and thin, happened to see it there: "Fat Clark from Zamboanga."

Maker of Men

Flanagan & Corcoran

By FLETCHER D. SLATER

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

Five and a half years ago Father Flanagan of Boys Town was casting about for an athletic director.

When he selected Kenneth Corcoran, fresh out of St. Viator's College, the good Father gave further proof that he was not only a great humanitarian but a wise executive as well. For of all the able men Father Flanagan has gathered around him to help his boys, none has given his job more enthusiasm, patience and skill than this stocky, blue-eyed, soft-spoken young Irishman.

Corcoran, or "Corky," as he is known to the young citizens of Boys Town, took his B.A. from St. Viator's in 1935, after attending Rosemont High in Minneapolis and St. Thomas Academy in St. Paul. He came directly to Boys Town at Father Flanagan's call, and has been there ever since.

From the start, the Corcoran-coached teams were successful. In basketball, Boys Town has usually been victorious. In 1940, something like 18 games were won, five lost. Corcoran's football teams were undefeated and untied for five years, 1935 to 1940. His baseball varsity, too, has made a most enviable record.

"Our boys win in spirit and unity," explained Corcoran. "Yet," he added, "when they do lose, it isn't long before

somebody starts out with a song on the way home."

Corky's work is not limited to coaching interscholastic teams. In addition to teaching basketball, baseball, track, and football, this genial 195-pound coach handles the entire intramural sports program. He had an assistant last year. This year he has had none.

"We try to interest every boy in some sport," he said, "and we're nearly 100% effective. If he doesn't go out for varsity sports, we try to pull him into intramural games: softball, baseball, touch football, boxing, volleyball, basketball, tennis, horseshoes, ping-pong, badminton, swimming or marbles. Gymnasium, too, is required."

During summer vacation, naturally, there is no varsity sport. But Corky keeps the boys busy during their afternoon recreation periods with major, minor and midget baseball leagues, with softball loops, tennis and horseshoe tournaments, boxing eliminations, track and field meets, and a swimming program that last summer included teaching all of Boys Town's 31 "sinkers" to swim.

The activity the man keeps going is prodigious. Yet he does it effortlessly, easily, answering the boys quip for quip, and somehow managing to see

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. February, 1941.

the individual boy while directing the mass.

You can understand how Corcoran keeps this multifarious program running smoothly only when you watch him in action. He illustrates perfectly the vast difference between "easy-going" and "easy." The boys don't fear Corky; rather, they idolize him. But that adulation is based on respect. They know he'll kid with them all day. But Corcoran will not tolerate impudence or disobedience, and he never has to crack down twice.

But whether holding basketball, football, or baseball clinics, or teaching a youngster to swim, or supervising a hay-baling crew in the hot summer days, Corky is a practical psychologist, trying to stir the desire for decency and sportsmanship that lies in every boy. Between halves in a losing, bitterly-fought basketball game recently, one lad came up belligerently to Corcoran.

"They're using their knees and elbows, Corky; they're using everything!"

"So what?" asked the coach softly.

"Why, we're losing the game!"

"So what?"

"Well, why can't we use everything, too?"

"What for?"

"Maybe we could win."

"So what?" said the black-haired coach again. "Do you want to win that way?"

The boy looked blank a minute. Finally, "Well, no; maybe not." And

he went out to play a clean, hard game—which Boys Town won!

Corcoran doesn't preach sermons. He just points out the facts and lets the boys decide for themselves. At a flare-up of temper between two boys one day, Corky simply stopped the scrap, and didn't say a word. But when football practice ended with the usual two laps around the quarter-mile track for wind-building, Corky said quietly to the two belligerents, "Six laps."

They reared up immediately. "What for?"

"Figure it out," said Corky. "Six laps."

Coach Corcoran is always on his toes to implant manliness in his boys. He despises no avenue of approach. That explains why he labors every two weeks to whack out a sports column for the *Boys Town Times*. Let me quote some random sentences:

"You boys are now working on various jobs around Boys Town. Whatever your job is, do it well and be active."

"Try to develop the sense of mental alertness. Whether you are playing baseball or softball or tennis, try to outguess your opponents."

"There have been many new and scientific developments in the field of diet, but you will never be let down by good old-fashioned common sense. Naturally, if you eat hot dogs and ice cream washed down by bottles of pop you are going to have rumblings in

the lower regions that will do you no good. Furthermore, it will take weeks to eliminate the harm that overeating and careless eating may do."

One of the factors in Corcoran's success at Boys Town is his refusal to overemphasize athletics. He realizes that the physical side of a boy is only one side, that he has a mental and a spiritual side, too.

He is helped by the program at Father Flanagan's unique haven for homeless boys. Every boy goes to school. He has certain jobs: making his bed and keeping his apartment clean, helping in the dining hall or on the lawns or streets, in the print shop or laundry, in the boiler room or shoe shop. There is only so much time left for athletics. Yet Corcoran has coached many boys to athletic prowess which has led to a college education which those boys otherwise would never have had.

Many boys come into the Home from starved, unhealthful, playless backgrounds. Plain, abundant food and regular hours (reveille at 6:30, lights out at 8:30), an atmosphere of love and devotion, and a thoroughgoing program of physical education soon make a world of difference. Corky has the immense satisfaction of bringing sickly, inept, backward boys into the glow of health and the joy of athletic achievement.

"Take one boy," he said reminiscently. "He came to us shambling and

awkward as a bear cub. He'd never played games. But he wanted to come out for sports.

"He was a big boy, and growing. He came out for all the sports his first year, but I didn't push him. I just watched him. Every now and then I'd say, 'Why don't you try this?' Or, 'Try doing it this way.'

"The next year he wanted to be a basketball center, but he couldn't jump. I got him to try jumping for the balcony, 100 times every day. He kept it up. His muscles began to coordinate.

"The next year he could touch the balcony, and made center on the varsity basketball team, a marvelous player. He was an outstanding end in football, and became a fine baseball pitcher. He developed poise and became one of the most popular boys in Boys Town, being elected a city commissioner. He is now a freshman in a western university, getting his chance."

"Bottled-up human emotions are dangerous, not only in adults, but especially in growing boys," is a favorite motto of this hard-working coach. The solution he expresses as follows: "Play is the release valve of human emotions."

Corky believes that lessons of character learned on the basketball court and the baseball diamond carry over into everyday life. "Boys who learn that it's unsportsmanlike to cheat in basketball seldom cheat in exams," is the way he puts it. And he talks from

a wealth of experience with boys during the last five years.

Corcoran is convinced, however, that you can't "teach" sportsmanship. "It must be learned by the boy as he plays with others. Gradually he learns to resent unfair tactics, to have a regard for others."

The responsibility for the physical development of Boys Town is a welcome weight for the thick, wide shoulders of Ken Corcoran. He even has room for other duties. Until physical education grew too demanding, Corcoran was high-school principal. He still teaches a class in vocational guidance.

You can tell what the boys think of Corky from the way they look at him, kid with him, and work for him. It's not an easy thing—this being a one-man coaching staff. It means, among other things, that he referees the important games himself. And there's

the acid test of a coach's popularity. If he can coach and blow the whistle, too, and still retain the good will of the boys, he's a success.

Boys Town has grown phenomenally this past year, from 200 boys to 500, and four new apartment buildings and a beautiful new chapel have been added to the "city." But their coach is growing, too: he will receive his master's degree from Creighton University this winter.

Corcoran is married and has a year-old "papoose." Last summer the commissioners got together and made little Miss Corcoran an official resident citizen of Boys Town, the only girl ever to be so honored.

There is no doubt as to what the head of Boys Town thinks of his coach. Said Father Flanagan simply, "I don't know what we would have done without him, or what we would do without him now."



St. Patrick was once captured by a hunter named Kienanus, who sold him to a neighboring chieftain for a large bronze vessel. Feeling very pleased with himself, Kienanus hurried home to his wife and five sons and placed the vessel on the table for all to admire, telling at the same time how he had come by it. The woman picked it up and found, to her horror, that her hands stuck fast to it. In trying to release her, the husband and the five sons also got stuck and in that awkward position they had to remain until one of the servants was sent with everything of value in the house to obtain the release of Patrick. The old writers who first recorded this tale point out that the wife whacked her husband over the head with the bronze vessel as soon as she was free to do so!

Irish Travel (March '39).

Mixed Marriage

By EDWARD V. STANFORD, O.S.A.

Condensed from a booklet*

In the choice of a life partner, the matter of religion is of paramount importance. Difference in religion is a source of trouble in marriage, and this is true, not only from a Catholic standpoint, but also from a Protestant or Jewish point of view. In examining the evidence against mixed marriage, it will be helpful to keep this fact in the background, as well as the two following:

The Catholic Church's attitude on mixed marriages is in no way to be confused with intolerance, or to be considered merely abstract theory. It is not based upon the supposed assumption that a Catholic, by the mere fact of his religious affiliation, is a better moral character than a non-Catholic. Rather, it is based upon the actual experience of the Church, gathered throughout the centuries, of the frequent evil results of mixed marriages, both for the partners and the children.

Young people frequently fail to correlate their own first-hand knowledge of unhappiness in the marriages of others with the general problem of mixed marriages. They make the mistake of attributing such unhappiness solely to the indifferent Catholicity of the mother or father.

What are some of the reasons that

can be given to a Catholic to show the disadvantages of a mixed marriage? Without implying that all mixed marriages are harmful, or that any or all of the reasons against mixed marriages will be verified in any individual case, or that notable exceptions cannot be found in some instances, the following are presented:

1. In a mixed marriage, there is a wide difference of opinion about the character of marriage. The Catholic Church looks upon marriage as a sacrament as well as a contract, a union which symbolizes the love between Christ and His Church. It is the holiest, most self-surrendering, most permanent union that can be imagined. Its sacred character enshrines many duties and responsibilities having far-reaching consequences.

2. There are apt to be conflicting attitudes towards contraceptive practices. In the matter of birth control, it is a question of self-control versus contraceptive measures. The teaching of the Catholic Church is crystal clear on this point, condemning contraceptive birth control as something essentially vicious, and teaching that the only control is self-control. On the contrary, non-Catholic churches, at the best, straddle the issue and condone contraceptives.

*1940. The Problems of Mixed Marriage. Villanova College, Villanova, Pa. 18 pp. 10c.

3. There may be opposing views on divorce. Judging from contemporary evidence, as it appears in picture and story and in the statistics of an ever-mounting divorce rate, there is every reason to doubt that the average non-Catholic looks upon marriage as Catholicism sees it. Very few non-Catholics consider divorce as absolutely prohibited and as fundamentally immoral, even when they deprecate the growing number of divorces.

4. The Catholic Church surrounds marriage with sacred, solemn rites. But, in a mixed marriage, all these spiritual blessings are eliminated, and there is left only the brief ceremony of pronouncing the mutual vows of marriage. These deprivations, expressive as they are of the Church's disapproval of mixed marriages, come hard upon the Catholic party and should make him hesitate long before facing them.

5. Religiously, the marriage ceremony, even in its attenuated form, is a one-sided affair, to the disadvantage of the non-Catholic party. Although the Catholic may fully appreciate the reasonableness of the Church's stand, he cannot fail to regret the hardship imposed upon his non-Catholic partner.

6. A mixed marriage provides a home minus the Catholic environment. Catholicism is a way of living that should find its way into every nook and cranny of life. In a Catholic home, the adornment of the rooms includes reminders of Christ, His blessed

Mother and the saints. If these are not actually distasteful, may they not prove embarrassing to the non-Catholic?

7. No matter how considerate of religious matters the partners to a mixed marriage may be during the days preceding and immediately following the marriage, the danger of disputes on religious grounds can never be minimized. If the non-Catholic partner is a practicing Protestant or Jew, sooner or later there are likely to arise quarrels over religion.

A popular non-Catholic columnist has expressed this point of view somewhat piquantly in a syndicated column of the daily press. "Why two people who love each other cannot live together in peace when they both worship Him who is the God of love, no one can explain. It is merely a fact that, just as no wars have been so bloody as holy wars and no persecutions so cruel as those done in the name of religion, so there is nothing about which husbands and wives can quarrel so bitterly, nothing which can so completely estrange them as a difference in creed."

If the non-Catholic is not a churchgoer, his very indifference will be a worry to the Catholic party, the more intense according as the love between the two is more deep and sincere. Where there is a non-Christian involved, the difficulty will be increased.

8. Even in a Catholic home, the

burden of double taxation for the support of parochial as well as public school is frequently keenly felt. However, the conviction of the necessity of the Catholic school will impel the Catholic to give even when it hurts. Can the non-Catholic be expected to entertain the same conviction?

9. There is such a thing as Catholic literature and Catholic reading, and there is such a thing as anti-Catholic literature. There are certain books and periodicals that no good Catholic would want to have about the house; nay, further, there is an index of forbidden books. The non-Catholic who recognizes almost no prohibition to reading cannot be expected to sympathize with what may appear to be Catholic squeamishness in this matter.

10. In a mixed marriage, it is conceivable that a Catholic may wish to take active part in Catholic societies which the non-Catholic partner may not only lack sympathy with, but may actually resent. On the other hand, the non-Catholic partner may join some fraternal organizations that are forbidden to Catholics. This may disrupt domestic harmony.

11. In many respects, a mixed marriage is a serious inconvenience to the non-Catholic party. Not only in the marriage ceremony itself, but all through marriage, the non-Catholic party is put to considerable inconvenience and is actually called upon to make unequal sacrifices where matters

of Catholic faith are concerned. Although marriage is a relationship of democratic equality, in matters of religion the Catholic not only refuses to surrender or compromise beliefs or practices, but actually requires the non-Catholic to make solemn agreements affecting his future. Without God's grace, love alone will rarely be equal to the many demands that are made upon a non-Catholic's self-effacement, where the religion of the Catholic partner is concerned.

12. Church attendance creates an unequal situation to the disadvantage of the non-Catholic. The non-Catholic partner ordinarily will have no objection to attending Catholic services occasionally. On the other hand, the Catholic cannot reciprocate by attending non-Catholic services. The reasonableness of such a position is hard for a non-Catholic to grasp, and the apparent inequality may create discord.

13. Even where the guarantees required by ecclesiastical law are freely given in written form, it is a mistake to assume that there is no danger to the faith of the Catholic spouse. Some danger is always there; it is merely a matter of being proximate or remote. Although there may be no positive interference, it can hardly be expected that the non-Catholic partner will give active encouragement. In addition, the absence of good example must be taken into account. The non-Catholic may eat meat on Friday, but the other may

not. The non-Catholic may spend Sunday morning comfortably in bed, but the other must arise to attend Mass. These differences in religious practice, week after week, and month after month, are apt to jar on marital nerves, and may test the Catholic's fidelity to the breaking point. Also, the effect upon growing children must be considered.

14. Unfortunately, not every Catholic partner in a mixed marriage is well grounded in an intelligent understanding of the principles and practices of Catholic faith. In a mixed marriage which may provide many contacts with the other party's non-Catholic friends, there may be many occasions for explanations on religious matters. In such cases, the Catholic may hesitate to give explanations and will become silent or apologetic. Such an attitude may weaken one's loyalty to the faith.

15. Very frequently the confessional is a source of suspicion or resentment to a non-Catholic husband or wife. Particularly is this bound to be the case where moral issues affecting married life are concerned.

16. A mixed marriage is a real danger to the religious upbringing of the children. As a matter of fact, the harm to the religious faith of children cannot be measured merely within the span of one generation. Mixed marriages have a way of begetting mixed marriages amongst the children of such marriages until eventually religion is cancelled out.

"As for the children, not one non-Catholic in ten sees to their Catholic upbringing if the Catholic party dies," says Msgr. John M. Cooper. "Only too often, even during the lifetime of the Catholic partner, determined opposition, overbearing or subtle, is made to their Catholic training and education. Written and signed pledges become scraps of paper. Even where there is neither open nor concealed opposition, in case after case, the children, influenced more by facts than by words, and constantly face to face with the fact that one parent is Catholic and the other not, develop indifference, laxity, lukewarmness, and weakness of faith. Abundant facts point to the conclusion that about 50% or more of the children of mixed marriages are lost to the faith."

From a non-Catholic point of view, the harm of mixed marriages to the religious faith of children is very much akin. A quotation from a statement, a few years ago, of the Federal Council of Churches in America will make this evident: "Statistics bearing upon the matter are not adequate, but there is reason to suppose that marriages of this sort are highly unstable. Furthermore, in many cases they lead either to the departure of both partners from the practices of religion, or at least to the abandonment of any attempt to provide for the religious education of their children."

17. When the fervor of youth has

waned and a grown-up family leaves husband and wife largely to their own devices, with age creeping steadily upon them, the realities of the future life loom large. At such a time, the consoling doctrines of Catholic faith and the comforts of prayer and the sacraments have great sustaining power. How will the non-Catholic participate in these helps, or what will he substitute for them?

18. Difference in religion is an added sorrow at time of sickness and death. The deeper the love of a Catholic spouse for a non-Catholic partner, the more will the deep concern and worry of that partner's illness accentuate the absence of the consolations of religious unity.

When death hovers over a Catholic home, every member of the family realizes that the priest has a spiritual mission of comfort for the dying and they call him to the dying person, even though that person be unconscious. A non-Catholic partner cannot be expected to see the situation from a Catholic point of view, and may hesitate or delay, or neglect altogether to send for a priest, particularly if there is any great inconvenience involved, or if the dying spouse is unconscious. If it is the non-Catholic who is dying, the Catholic partner will frequently be at a loss. Having little faith in the spiritual ministrations of a minister or rabbi, the Catholic partner may neglect to call him. At such a critical time,

both situations are most embarrassing.

19. Nor does death itself put an end to all the difficulties of a mixed marriage. In burying the non-Catholic spouse, the Catholic partner will miss the consolations of requiem Mass, the deeply hopeful note of the Catholic burial service and the commitment in consecrated ground. Instead, there may be an unfamiliar service at home, or in a Protestant church, or even a Masonic burial service. Prayers and Masses for the dead will not have the same significance for Catholic and non-Catholic in a mixed marriage.

Thus, from marriage ceremony to burial ceremony, in a mixed marriage there are frequently recurring chances for failure. That many of these marriages turn out happily, no one for a moment questions. But, difference of religious belief presents so many hurdles that even those who have made very happy mixed marriages readily admit that if they had it all to do over again, they would not do it. This paradoxical position is made clear when it is realized that there can never be complete unanimity of mind and heart where there is a difference of religious belief. No matter how harmonious life may be for them otherwise, at this point at least, there can never be a complete bond of sympathy. There will always be this barrier between them. This is so evident that thoughtful Jews and Protestants are as opposed to mixed marriage as is the Church.

Bases of a New World Order

By POPE PIUS XII

Piercing to rock bottom

Condensed from an allocution*

The war is being waged with awesome and almost inescapable tenacity. Venerable shrines, monuments and institutions of Christian charity are laid in ruins. The laws and morality of international warfare have been so callously ignored that future generations will look back on the present war as one of the gloomiest periods in history. Our thoughts anticipate with anxiety the moment when the complete chronicle of those who have been killed, maimed, injured, captured, those who have lost their homes, and their relatives, will be known in all its details. What We know already, however, is enough to rend Our heart. Amid all the tribulations of the present time one group of men has Our special pity: the prisoners of war.

We had been allowed in the last war to do much on behalf of the prisoners, and therefore, it is Our deep desire that now also We may be given the possibility of bringing them help. This applies especially to the Polish prisoners, and to the Italian prisoners in Egypt, Australia and Canada.

In the desire to share the trouble of the families who have lost touch with their relatives We have undertaken another responsible task: We have begun to transmit news for them as far

as this is possible and permitted to Us.

We have to face today a fact of fundamental importance. Out of the passionate strife of the parties concerning peace and war aims, a common opinion emerges. It is that all Europe, as well as the separate nations, are in such a process of transformation that the beginning of a new period is clearly recognizable. Europe and the political order of its nations, it is emphasized, will cease to be what they have been heretofore. There will be something newer, something better, something more developed, organically sounder, freer and stronger than in the past. All the weaknesses revealed by recent events are to be avoided. It is true that different opinions and aims diverge; yet they agree in their wish to establish a new order, and a return to the old is not possible nor desirable.

This desire for renewal is not only dictated by the *Rerum Novarum* but by the realization of deficiencies prevailing today, and by the firm determination to establish a new and just national and international order giving security. No one can be surprised that this desire should be especially strong in those strata of society which live by the work of their hands, and which are doomed to experience the hardships of

*Dec. 24, 1940, to the College of Cardinals.

national or international disturbances more than anybody else. Still less could it be ignored. The Church, the common mother of all, is bound to hear and to understand the outcries of suffering mankind.

In such a strife of opinions the Church cannot be invoked to listen to one side more than to another. Within the divine laws given not only to the individual, but also to the nations, there is a wide sphere in which the most varied forms of political life have ample freedom of expression. The effects of one or other political system, however, depend on circumstances and reasons which, considered in themselves, are beyond the scope of the Church's activity. As protector of faith and morality, the Church has only one interest and one desire: to fulfill her educational mission and to carry religious teaching to all peoples, so that every nation may avail itself of the principles of Christianity in order to establish a dignified and spiritually ennobled life. Let us hope that mankind and each single nation may grow more mature out of its present tribulations, able to distinguish between the genuine and the fallacious, alert for the voice of reason, be it pleasant or unpleasant, with a mind which, open to reality, is really determined to fulfill the demands of life and justice.

Only in such a state of mind does the tempting slogan of a new order

acquire a beautiful, dignified and lasting conception based on moral principles. Only then can the danger be avoided that this slogan should come to be interpreted as a liberty-destroying mechanism enforced by violence, without sincerity, consent, joy, dignity or honor. Only then can mankind be given a new hope, an aim which corresponds to the noble effort.

The necessary premises for such a new order are as follows:

(1) Victory over the hatred which divides the nations today, and the disappearance of systems and actions which breed this hatred. As a matter of fact, in some countries an unbridled propaganda is to be seen; it does not recoil from methodical distortion of the truth in order to show the enemy nations in a false light. He, however, who really wants the good of the people and wants to contribute to the future cooperation of nations and to preserve this cooperation from incalculable damage, will consider it as his sacred duty to uphold the natural ideals of truth, justice and charity.

(2) Victory over distrust which exerts a paralyzing pressure on international law and makes all honest understanding impossible. Therefore, return to the principle of mutual trust. Return to the loyalty for treaties without which the secure cooperation of nations and, especially, the living side by side of strong and weak nations, are inconceivable.

(3) Victory over the dismal principle that utility is the foundation and aim of law, and that might can create right. This principle is bound to upset all international relations.

(4) Victory over those potential conflicts arising out of the disequilibrium of world economy. Therefore, a new economic order has to be gradually evolved which gives all nations the means to secure for their citizens an appropriate standard of life.

(5) Victory over the kind of egoism which, relying on its own power, aims at impairing the honor and sovereignty of nations, as well as the sound, just and ordered liberty of individuals. This egoism has to be replaced by a genuine Christian solidarity of a legal and economic character, and by a brotherly cooperation of the nations,

the sovereignty of each of which has been duly secured.

We have a great longing for the moment when arms will be laid down and peace treaties signed, a deep desire that mankind should then have enough wisdom to prepare the foundations of a lasting and equitable order. We pray to God that it may be soon, and We admonish you to unite your prayers with Ours that the Almighty may preserve the world from the fate which would befall it if the mistakes and misunderstandings of the past were renewed in another form, and the future of the nations were ruled not by genuine freedom, but by new and increased unhappiness. We pray that those on whom the realization of the future order will depend may realize that the victor is only he who conquers himself.



Dying Time

The great cardinal, Robert Bellarmine, died in Rome 300 years ago at the age of 79. About four weeks before the end came, the handsome carriage of the Lord Cardinal d'Este met in one of the Roman streets a very shabby old vehicle in which rode a very old man with a radiantly happy face.

"And where is my Lord Cardinal Bellarmine going today?" Cardinal d'Este inquired.

"To die, sir. He is going off to die," the old man answered joyously.

"To die! Why, I never saw you looking better!"

"Nevertheless, my friend, I am going away to die; and high time, too, high time, too."

Our Young People (Feb. '41).

Science's Bouncing Baby

Stretch toward perfection

By AL LAUGHREY

Condensed from *Columbia**

One foggy evening in the winter of 1910, in the rear laboratory of an apothecary shop in London, a chemist named Weismann sat watching a glass retort heating. Under the retort were two Bunsen burners. Inside the retort was a batch of fermented corn.

The picture may tend to make one visualize the chemist as a bootlegger, or at least an amateur whiskey distiller. But Weismann was not after a palatable stimulant. He was searching for a means of creating rubber artificially. To a limited degree, he found what he was looking for. The British scientist discovered that by distilling fermented corn into butyl alcohol, and in turn polymerizing the atomic structure of butyl he could produce a gummy substance which had many of the physical properties of crude rubber.

Since that foggy winter evening, science has been plodding along slowly but surely, by a process of trial and error and patient experimentation, toward the goal of producing a synthetic rubber that will have all the highly desirable qualities of natural rubber without its many limitations.

There has been nothing accidental about the discovery and perfection of synthetic rubber. As far back as 1870,

chemists recognized the fact that rubber was a hydrocarbon and that its counterpart could be found somewhere in other forms. Unfortunately for the sake of dramatic appeal, we cannot point to some picturesque discovery, such as Sir Isaac Newton watching an apple plummet earthward. Instead, we must be content with the relatively prosaic picture of scores of patient chemists, prominent among them the late Father Julius Nieuwland, C.S.C., of Notre Dame, working stolidly hour after hour, year after year, in search of a substitute for one of the world's most indispensable materials, rubber.

During this protracted period of experimentation, synthetic rubber of varying grades of efficiency has been produced from an amazing array of materials. The French have produced it from turpentine. Germans created it from wood fiber. In America we have made it from coal and limestone and from acetylene gas. In Russia they even managed to produce synthetic rubber from distilled vodka!

Since the start of the present world conflict the phrase "economic self-sufficiency" has virtually become a household expression in America. The man in the street has become aware of the fact that something, he's not quite sure

*45 Wall St., New Haven, Conn. February, 1941.

just what, may soon happen to cause the U. S. to become almost entirely independent economically.

In the event that this enforced self-sufficiency should take place in America, the problem of our rubber supply looms big on the economic front. The U. S. uses half of all the rubber produced in the world, not one pound of which is grown within the continental limits of the nation. Each year at a cost of \$150 million, more than 67 million tons of crude rubber are spilled into American rubber-plant vats. We must ship most of this rubber a distance of 12,000 miles, or nearly half way around the world. It is not backyard hysteria or warmongering to say that our life line of rubber from the Dutch and British East Indies may soon be cut off abruptly by swiftly moving world events.

That this contingency is not remote is evident by the attention being given the problem by the National Defense Commission. The commission has decided that there are two feasible means of keeping this country's rubber supply at par in case our imports are drastically curtailed. One is to store up tremendous amounts of crude rubber in warehouses. The other is to erect emergency synthetic rubber plants.

The first method would insure us rubber for only a limited time. At the moment there is enough crude rubber stored in the U. S. to last approximately a year, or possibly longer if it

were rigidly conserved. As to the latter method, it would take about two years and \$200 million to construct sufficient plants to produce enough synthetic rubber to fill the nation's needs.

Germany already has felt the confining grip of curtailed imports, and from meager information it appears that Hitler has most successfully utilized test-tube rubber in his war machine and at home. The German product, known as Buna, is used almost exclusively in the manufacture of tires in the Reich. These tires, says the Ministry of Information, outwear by far the natural product.

The formula for Buna, incidentally, has been acquired from Germany's I. G. Farbenindustries by Standard Oil of New Jersey in exchange for certain other technological formulas. A new plant will be erected in Louisiana by Standard Oil during 1941 for commercial output of Buna and its younger brother, Perbunan.

Fundamentally there are two classes of synthetic rubbers, i.e., those which resemble natural rubber in chemical structure and molecular make-up, and those which do not. The former are considered superior since they lend themselves to vulcanization, thereby having a wider range of substitution for nature's own product.

The scientific world in general has this to say concerning the qualities of synthetic rubber as compared with

natural rubber: taken as a group, the synthetics are superior to the natural product; taken singly each of them has at least one or two points which fall below the standards of natural rubber.

The cost of synthetics has thus far been one of the major stumbling blocks on their road to popularity. But this drawback is fast receding. A little more than a year ago synthetics cost three times as much as rubber. Today they are barely twice as expensive and their price is steadily declining. It was only a few months ago that Du Pont announced another slash in the price of its Neoprene, with additional cuts promised in the future.

The big performance drawback with tires made in the scientist's laboratory is the fact that they heat up under heavy loads and high speeds. The seriousness of this particular problem is brought home by the fact that each year automobile manufacturers are trying to outdo each other in putting out cars that will attain meteoric speeds. Inasmuch as a hot tire is dangerous, no manufacturer will be overly enthusiastic about synthetic-rubber tires until the heat problem has been circumvented.

Du Pont began experimenting with synthetic rubber back in 1925. By 1931 a satisfactory product had been created and its production, under the trade name of Duprene, was started in a small plant at Deepwater, N. J. By 1935 the name was changed to Neo-

prene and a \$1 million plant had been erected.

At the Deepwater plant today Du Pont is turning out Neoprene in increasing volume for a multiplicity of uses. A new \$2 million plant has just opened, which will be able to produce Neoprene at the rate of about 12 million pounds a year.

In the manufacture of Neoprene, Du Pont acts strictly as a wholesaler. The crinkly brown strips are packed and sent to more than 300 manufacturing firms throughout the nation that make them into a variety of finished products ranging from rubber gloves for the deft fingers of a surgeon to an expanding seal for the bottom of a mile-deep oil well.

Neoprene is made basically from coal, limestone and salt. These three ingredients are made into something called monovinylacetylene, which in turn becomes the completed product when treated with hydrochloric acid.

As an insight into what can be done with Neoprene, consider some of the products being made from it today: kitchen gloves, shoe soles, gasoline hose, medicine-dropper bulbs, conveyor belts, electric insulators, shower curtains, raincoats, airplane caulking, printing rollers, faucet washers, pan scrapers and scores of other products.

The multitude of tests to which Neoprene and other synthetics have been subjected show beyond a doubt that they are a far cry from the acme

of perfection. The synthetics still lack some of the desirable properties of natural rubber, while retaining some of the more undesirable.

However, natural rubber is at what might be termed its peak, while the synthetics are still comparative babes

on the crawl. There is no reason to doubt that great technical advances are yet to be made. Government experts estimate that plants to handle all the nation's needs could be erected within 24 months should conditions make it necessary.



I was looking out over Dublin City from a height, when the bell tolled in the steeple beside me. It was the voice of St. John [bells are given the names of saints] calling over busy Thomas St. Heads were bared; eyes were lowered to raise the mind; street cries died on the sign of the cross; friends walked in silence that brought their souls closer. They were saying the *Angelus*.

Other belfries became vibrant with the message, and other streets of people, too, all over the Catholic city, refreshed their souls a moment in God. St. Catherine called from Meath St.; St. Nicholas from Francis St.; Francis from Merchants' Quay; and the voice of Paul, over the river, startled the white bird from its dignified perch below, on top of the apostle's bare head! From every side the clear tones rang, and met and mingled. Three times three, they called to each other to honor the Trinity; and nine for the choirs of angels.

The soul of Dublin heard the angel announce to Mary, and joined in the *Gloria in Excelsis* of the angels and their Queen, and returned to work in peace. They are people of good will. I saw in a flash the meaning of the heaven-pointing spires, lifting up the eyes of the soul, and calling by sacramental voices.

The cold chimney stacks rolling thick smoke seemed sordid just then and indeed they covered some eyes and ears with their greedy pall of death; for there were those who didn't hear the saints or see the spires.

A few somber towers, too, held melancholy silence. *Their* saints were fled. *Their* voice was dead.

They were empty tombs in the graveyard of the past, and moaned in dark crypts to the life around them.

Far beyond the city, echo had taken up the saints' voices from the sea of sound over Dublin's traffic, and bore them to ears in the fields and lanes, where they touched the outer waves, radiating from rural bells, and the Communion of Saints was vocal over all the land.

"The Word made Flesh" caught up the tuned-in heart of Éire a moment, to the throbbing heart of her God.

Three times three, and three times a day. Long may we hear, and see to pray.

Process of Canonization

Sometimes 100 years

By EUGENE SPIESS, O.S.B.

Condensed from the *Graill**

Pope Pius X was asked, not many years ago, by parishioners of Ars in France, to canonize their former holy pastor, John Baptiste Vianney. The pope told these good people: "Of himself the pope knows nothing about these matters. God almighty must demonstrate it all to the pope by the necessary miracles which canon law requires for canonization. Why ask Us? Why not ask God that He make known to Us by undeniable miracles what His divine wish may be? From now on you must not ask a pope, but pray to the Lord."

The process of canonization is in reality a suit at law against the seating of someone in the ranks, not of saints, but of *canonized saints*. An appointment made by the President of the U. S. elevating Justice Black to the supreme court of the U. S. was on the point of being fought before the supreme court. The legal battle did not materialize. If it had, it would have taken months, possibly a year, to settle the affair.

A process of beatification or canonization is so highly technical and complex that the hypothetical juridical fight against Mr. Black would have been, no matter how long protracted, only a replica of a legal fight *in minia-*

ture when compared with what transpires, over a period, sometimes of centuries, before a pope canonizes a saint.

It is done much more rapidly in the case of martyrs, or minors who died in extraordinary sanctity before they were 21 years old. Such was the case of St. Therese, the Little Flower, although she was a few years older than 21.

The expense, on a moderate scale from the first process when a diocesan bishop takes the matter in hand at its inception, to solemn beatification, will be not less than \$20,000. The process from beatification to canonization will easily reach \$32,000. Sometimes it is more than this figure.

Nor does this expense include the costs of public solemnities in the Vatican Basilica which on the occasion of the canonization of St. Anthony Maria Zaccaria by Pope Leo XIII amounted to over \$42,000.

What causes the enormous expense that the suit at law itself calls for? The appointment of special officials, the calling to Rome of all witnesses necessary; the printing of documents that will fill a large portion of a library; the investigation by lawyers, physicians and theologians who look into the nature of the miracles and the writings of a

*St. Meinrad, Ind. February, 1941.

servant of God: all these contribute to the expenses of the process.

When the preliminary investigation has been concluded the pope signs the commission which makes the further progress of canonization an *Apostolic Process*.

In an Apostolic Process the labors begin anew. Back to the diocese of "first instance" where the matter originated go theologians and lawyers, who scan every line that was written by the servant of God, even private letters. They who oppose have at their side a learned dignitary, the Promoter of the Faith, who resembles our prosecutors in court, and enjoys the picturesque title of the Devil's Advocate. He has been busy throughout the preliminaries since the matter first reached the attention of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. In an Apostolic Process, the Devil's Advocate uses every means in law to keep a servant of God from our altars. To what lengths he will go, using only legitimate canonical means, the following two examples will reveal:

In 1824 there died at Münster, Westphalia, Germany, an Augustinian nun by the name of Anna Catherine Emmerich. A woman of acknowledged holiness, she had received the sacred stigmata, even to the marks of the thorns. In 1892 the Bishop of Münster introduced her cause for canonization before the Sacred Congregation of Rites. Forty-six years have elapsed and

it would seem that the prosecutor is holding up the servant of God's canonization because of one Clemens Maria Brentano, a famous 19th century romantic poet.

It was to Clemens Maria Brentano that the servant of God dictated the revelations made to her by God. As early as 1833 Brentano published his *The Dolorous Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ According to the Meditations of Anna Catherine Emmerich*. In 1852 Brentano prepared for publication the *Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary*. And, from Brentano's manuscripts, a Father Schmoeger published in 1881 the *Life of Our Lord* in three volumes.

It is just possible, if we can rely on rumors, that the writings of Brentano based on Anna Catherine Emmerich's notes and verbal dictations, will have to be sifted, judged, and sentence passed upon their correctness and reliability. Perhaps she will then be canonized.

Another instance that shows us how canonizations are held up is that of St. Alphonsus, Bishop of Naples and Doctor of the Church. He was canonized in 1839. By an error he congratulated Voltaire, the arch-atheist, for having returned to the Church. St. Alphonsus and Voltaire probably made their first holy Communion together at a Jesuit college. Voltaire seems to have been a fallen-away seminarian, who had studied for the priesthood. At any

rate, St. Alphonsus knew Voltaire personally, and endeavored through letters to persuade him to give up his warped teachings. In this St. Alphonsus failed, but not entirely, for we know that Voltaire called for a priest on his deathbed.

The canonization of St. Alphonsus was opposed even at the moment when the pope was ready to sign the documents of canonization. "How can a man, no matter how saintly he may otherwise have been, be placed on our altars when he was addicted to the use of tobacco?" persisted the Devil's Advocate. St. Alphonsus, who lived to over 90, is known to have used snuff. Upon this remark, the pope dipped his pen into the ink, saying, "We hereby solemnly canonize Alphonsus Liguori." In 1871 St. Alphonsus was proclaimed Doctor of the universal Church by Pope Pius IX.

In an Apostolic Process all are under oath, and years and centuries may pass while the men in purple and crimson are sifting the matter. The object of such a hotly contested suit at law is not to condemn a servant of God, or to question his saintly life, but to keep him from our altars unless he shows heroic virtue.

The preliminary step in any process of canonization is the petition for the examination of the case by ecclesiastical authority. This is the bishop of the place where the servant of God has died, or in which the reputed miracles were performed. The bishop now must

order three things: 1) That all writings of the servant of God, regardless of their nature, be collected. 2) That all possible information on the virtues and miracles, or martyrdom, of the servant of God be collected. The witnesses called are required to give full information concerning the servant of God and *themselves*. They will be cross-examined with questions that have been drawn up by the Promoter of Faith. 3) The bishop must institute a process for the purpose of proving that no public cult has hitherto been paid to the candidate for canonization.

When these local preliminaries have been completed all findings are forwarded to the Sacred Congregation of Rites in Rome. Preliminaries once more begin for the "Introduction of the Cause before the Congregation of Sacred Rites." This is really an act of the pope. It is he who decides whether or not further consideration should be given to a case.

If the Congregation of Rites finds that a formal introduction of the cause is advisable, it is proposed at one of the ordinary meetings of this Congregation, and the question of a "commission" is now discussed. Once the Supreme Pontiff signs the "commission," the cardinals of the Sacred Congregation of Rites become judges of the case. Cardinals dispute for or against canonization. If the prolonged discussion ends favorably, steps are taken for canonization.

Li-Ma-Tou

By ARTHUR C. BROMIRSKI

Map maker, soul saver

Condensed from the *Rosary**

Li-Ma-Tou was dying. Li-Ma-Tou! It is doubtful that there could have been anyone in China who did not know of him. Li-Ma-Tou! There was a hint of greatness in each of the lilting syllables of his name. Li-Ma-Tou! Favorite at the court of the emperor, learned geographer and astronomer, friend of the humblest Chinese peasant, he had helped to make Chinese history.

And he had helped to make Catholic history, too. For Li-Ma-Tou was the Chinese name of Matteo Ricci, an Italian Jesuit who had come to China as a missionary some 27 years before. His life, now rapidly drawing to a close, had been replete with success. During the course of those 27 years he had won an unprecedented degree of influence in China and, by virtue of this influence, had obtained a firm foothold for the faith in the East.

Chinese historians have lavishly heaped praise upon him. An ancient Chinese official history of the 17th century says of him: "Li-Ma-Tou was intelligent, witty, and of manifold ability, understanding Chinese books and documents and able to repeat what he once glanced at. Famous nobles and great officers of that day all held him in great regard. His special department

of learning was the method for determining the calendar and constructing mathematical instruments. The emperor granted him a house and gave him an official stipend."

It was late in the evening of May 11, 1610, that Matteo Ricci died. All Peking mourned his passing. "The Saint of the West has saluted the world," the inhabitants sorrowfully announced to each other as the news of his death spread throughout the city. A few days later Father Ricci was buried with the highest honors that the Chinese court could bestow upon him.

In order that his body might lie in state, and to provide a fitting place for the funeral Mass, the emperor gave to Father Ricci's fellow missionaries a large Buddhist temple to be made over into a Catholic church. Civil and military mandarins, members of the famous Academy of Han-Lin, dignitaries of the court of the emperor, and hosts of others of high and humble station attended his funeral. By the emperor's official recognition of Ricci's funeral, Christianity, for the first time in history, was legalized in China.

At the time that Father Ricci went to China, the sciences, especially mathematics, geography and astronomy, were being pursued with special vigor by

*141 E. 65th St., New York City. January, 1941.

the literati of China. It is to be assumed that Ricci, having learned of this from traders, made special plans to gain a foothold for his missionary activities through his scientific knowledge. He had studied mathematics under that prince of mathematicians, Christopher Clavius, and he had made special studies in geography and astronomy.

All during his long voyage to China he took reckonings of the latitude and longitude at various points, and compiling and coordinating the many geographical and astronomical notes that he had made. Upon his arrival he began to study Chinese in earnest, and within a very short time had completely mastered the intricacies of the language.

Then Ricci issued a Chinese map of the world, the first geographical work in China by a foreigner. It was this map that won for him great fame. Ricci's map gave the Chinese, for the first time in their history, an idea of what the rest of the world looked like. It incorporated all the latest geographical discoveries. Included on it were North and South America, the southern half of Africa, and many islands which had heretofore been unknown to the Chinese. Many of the Chinese translations of geographic terms and the names of various countries and localities, as formulated by the Jesuit missionary, are still in use in China today.

The map was peculiar in one respect. Ricci, having tactfully studied the nature of the Chinese, and knowing their extreme vanity, decided to flatter that vanity by placing China in the center of the map. This he did by placing the first meridian of the Fortunate Islands at the left and right margins of the map, thus bringing China directly in the middle.

In doing this Father Ricci helped to allay the suspicions, entertained by many Chinese, that the Western powers were casting covetous eyes on China. Ever since the Chinese had started to trade, they had been fearful that they would be attacked by some foreign countries. The map which the Italian Jesuit drew up for them helped to wipe away these fears of invasion, for it showed the tremendously great distance between China and her nearest Western neighbor.

Ricci was the first man in the history of China to carry on scientific field-survey work, using mathematical instruments. He constructed and taught the Chinese how to construct and use sundials, carpenters' squares, astrolabes, and celestial and terrestrial globes.

The use of meridians in geography was first introduced into China by Father Ricci, and an examination of the readings of latitude and longitude of various places in China, as made by the priest, reveals that they were quite accurate.

The astronomical and geographical observations of the Jesuit missionary were accepted almost without question by the learned men of China. This in spite of the fact that some of them overthrew concepts which had formerly been looked upon as fundamental and unchangeable.

The map met with instant recognition among the Chinese. Everywhere he went, Father Ricci was asked to make copies of it for high officials. The emperor liked the map so much that he ordered Father Ricci to come to the court to make copies for his sons and relations.

As if these accomplishments were not enough, the scholarly son of Ignatius translated part of Euclid, some of the works of Clavius, and a number of geographical and astronomical treatises into Chinese. He wrote an original work, *Proofs of the Existence of the Lord of Heaven*, a primer of Catholicism. This latter is still regarded as a model of neatness and elegance of style in Chinese writing. It made a profound impression on the appreciative Chinese.

From the extensive data and information which had been given to them by Ricci, the Chinese drew up an encyclopedia of astronomy which was later to be helpful to them in solving the problems of the Chinese calendar.

Meanwhile, despite his activity in the field of science, Father Ricci had not neglected his duty of propagating the

faith. Once he had been accepted by the intellectuals and high dignitaries of the Chinese empire, the missionary nature of his work was simplified. In all his contacts with the Chinese he had never failed to take advantage of an opportunity to discuss fully the principal tenets of the Catholic religion. Wherever possible on his map he had made references to it.

At the time of his death there were over 300 Catholic churches in the Chinese province, and all had been established in the comparatively brief span of 27 years. The credit for this must go, in large measure, to Father Ricci.

In the 9th Wan-li year of the Ming dynasty the missionary was admitted to an audience in the emperor's court and he presented to the emperor, among other things, some clocks and a spinet. The clocks were of the type that strike off the hours. There was almost no end to the delight of the emperor with this gift; so delighted, in fact, was he that he permitted the priest to remain and, further, granted him an official regular allowance from the public treasury.

No youngster was ever more pleased with any toy than was the emperor of China with his striking clocks. So jealously fond of them was he that he was most unwilling to part with a single one of them. He even resorted to trickery so that his own mother would not keep one which she had

requested of him. Before he sent the clock to her, the emperor had it fixed so that the striking movements would not work. His mother, disappointed at the failure of the clock to strike the hours, returned it to her son, to his great relief and delight.

One day something went wrong with one of the clocks. The emperor was greatly disturbed and his attendants, unable to start the clock, were almost frantic. In haste they sent for Ricci. He found that there was nothing essentially wrong with the clock; all that it needed was a good cleaning and this he gave it. Once more the clock went merrily on its way, striking off the hours, and once more the emperor was happy. He gave orders to the effect that Ricci and his fellow missionaries were to have free access to the palace to take care of the clocks.

With this action his influence grew.

In the matter of the spinet Father Ricci had to become both a composer of music and a teacher of the spinet. There were no similar instruments in China. Ricci, therefore, had to learn the peculiarities of Chinese music and then compose songs to be played on the spinet. These songs, known as the *Songs of the Spinet*, were very popular in the 17th century. Next he had to teach some of the court attendants to play the instrument.

When a Jesuit died in the Orient in the early days of the mission, it was the custom to bring his body back to the Portuguese colony of Macae, where there was a Jesuit house. But Matteo Ricci was buried in China, where he had served so well. His fellow missionaries felt that Li-Ma-Tou would have wished it so.



Rigorist

Willie, later Father William J. Doyle, S.J., had a very healthy appetite, and he was one day delighted to hear the family doctor saying to his mother, "Your children need plenty of nourishment, Mrs. Doyle."

Henceforth, as you would expect, that became the war cry of the younger Doyles: "Your children need plenty of nourishment, Mrs. Doyle!"

With it, they captured many a tasty snack. But, on occasion, Willie would prescribe for himself along rather different lines: "You villain, you wretch: I'll starve you, I'll murder you! No candy, not a bit of cake will you get!" And his aunt, looking on, saw him shake his small fist at his own small face in the mirror.

That was during Lent.

The Father Mathew Record (July '40).

The Virgin of Luján

By JUAN ALDEANO

Tiny statue, great shrine

Condensed from the *Cross**

Forty miles west of Buenos Aires, on the old route of the wagon trains of colonial days, the bright little Luján River crosses the track on its way to join the Río de la Plata. Here, late one afternoon in the year 1630, came a caravan from the city of Buenos Aires, carrying merchandise to Cordoba, and farther northwest through Santiago del Estero. In one of the loads was a package intended for a Portuguese settler in Sumampa, a village just across the northern border of Cordoba province and to the west of the Salinas Grandes. In the package was an image of the blessed Virgin.

The banks of the Luján are thick with grass, and there are trees and bushes for firewood; here the caravan halted for the night, turning the bullocks loose to graze. When, next morning, the sturdy beasts tried to draw the wagon carrying the image of the Virgin, the wheels would not turn. "The mud of the river holds the wagon," said the drivers. They brought more animals and tried again: in vain. They unloaded the wagon, removing the statuette among other things; at once the wheels moved forward. The packages were replaced when on firmer ground beyond the muddy "Canada de la Cruz," and the wagon stopped

dead; no effort would stir it. By a process of elimination the drivers at length decided the package for Sumampa was responsible. They opened it; and there inside the swathings was the little image of the Virgin.

Since it was plain that the Virgin intended to stay upon the banks of the Luján River, there they built a modest little shrine, with the help of good Don Rosando de Oramas, owner of the land through which the river flowed. Here it remained for more than 40 years, visited by increasing numbers of pilgrims from afar. Sick people came from Chile and Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador and Brazil, to pray at the wayside shrine.

Some years later a wealthy resident of Buenos Aires, Don Pedro de Montalva, was healed of a terrible affliction by the Virgin of Luján's intercession, and in gratitude built the first sanctuary. In the shadow of the walls of this sanctuary a number of pilgrims began to build little shelters and cottages, and the Virgin became the founder of Luján town.

Today, the Virgin of Luján is housed in a more magnificent manner. The present basilica was begun in 1890, and is sumptuously built and equipped; it is 350 feet long by 200 feet at the

*Mount Argus, Dublin, S. W. 7, Ireland. January, 1941.

greatest width, and is able to shelter the enormous crowds which go every week, as well as on special occasions, to this most famous of all South American shrines.

A Scots traveler, named Robertson, has left us an account of what he saw at Luján 120 years ago, when he dined with the padre and four other clerics. The dinner was an extraordinary repast, consisting of olla-podrida, an enormous dish; then *carne con cuero*, followed by roasted and boiled fowls, fish, sweetmeats, milk and honey. Of Luján he wrote: "It is a poor and almost deserted little place, containing about 300 inhabitants. It has a town-house for the *cabildo*, a pretty church, and spacious apartments, arranged in a quadrangular form, for the ecclesiastics."

From Plaza Once railway station in Buenos Aires to Luján the train runs through level country, of the same familiar dejected appearance as the environs of the capital, every group of dark trees marking the site of a mud-walled dwelling house attached to an *estancia*. Cattle dot the plains; windmills raise their gaunt frames into the burning air. A fine productive country, without doubt, but far from attractive.

One rides in a *coche* down the long wide street that leads to the main square of the pilgrims' town. A paved strip runs down the middle, with space for wheeled traffic on either hand, room enough for the multitudes who

throng here. And there are still no small number of the faithful who think that their prayers are more likely to be well received if they make the entire journey from Buenos Aires on foot. Trains and motors are for the less pious.

Today, for our visit, the square is spacious and sunny, with the basilica upon one side, its unfinished towers speaking eloquently of the need of money for their completion; guest houses in the corner, and the old edifice of the *cabildo* with its brother building, the lodging of the viceroy, now converted into a national museum. At the steps of the basilica we are greeted by the pastor, Padre Varela, thin, courteous, alert, agreeably ready to escort us everywhere.

This basilica is beautifully built of creamy-pink stone and, although unfinished, is a dignified piece of architecture. Inside, it is extraordinarily clear and brightly-kept, in contrast to many other celebrated edifices of the kind, too frequently crammed with tawdry ornament. The aisles and side chapels are certainly richly adorned; there is much marble and bronze, but maintained with the most minute and almost airy cleanliness and neatness. The vistas are open and very light, from almost every point of the basilica. In the apse, at the back of the high altar, is the special nook where the devout come to pray to the Virgin of Luján, for the statue is so fixed upon

a lofty revolving little platform of gold that, while she is turned to face the nave upon occasions of fiesta when the church is crowded, upon other days she looks down into this little space.

She is quite charming, this little 300-year-old Virgin of Luján, standing about 15 inches high, clad in a spreading, formal cloak and petticoat stiff with delicate gold and jewels. The tiny hands are joined and pointed upwards; the little dark-sweet face is surmounted with a sparkling miniature crown. She stands upon the crescent moon; behind her are stars on a blue background. The padre says that the Virgin's image is made of hard clay, that actually there were two little statues sent from Brazil, and that the other went on to Sumampa while this one stayed at Luján.

Near the apse are many records of the gratitude of healed folk; special pillars and stones, windows and bells and chapels have been offered, and nearly every old family of Argentina is represented here; there are innumerable wall tablets and inscriptions; and many of the sister republics of Argentina have sent votive lamps. Plainly, the renown of the Virgin of Luján has spread far. From the basilica we go to behold the provision that has been made for visitors: a quiet and shady garden with sheltered benches; and here a score or more of peasants are eating a picnic lunch.

A few yards along the side of the

plaza, at right angles with the basilica, are the houses now turned, after skillful restoration of their Spanish-colonial detail, to museum uses. They are not very old, as Europe counts time; the very oldest parts were built no earlier than the late 18th century; but they are delightful as a change from the ultramodernity of Buenos Aires. In cases here are kept many costumes of heroes of the Independence period. Old lace, old swords, accouterments, are kept in Luján, and in a little courtyard is *La Portena*, the first locomotive brought to Argentina.

We go to the Hotel de Paz for lunch, and eat Spanish omelet and Italian *raviola*; and are presently startled to hear shouting and the firing of what seem like cannons. This proves to be a salute of fireworks. The Democrats have, it appears, won the Cordoba election by 200 votes. They voted three weeks ago, but the results have only just been ascertained and they are celebrating their victory.

We return to Buenos Aires; there are plenty of trains, for the railway runs 12 of them a day each way, with special excursion rates for pilgrims on Sundays. There are nearly always 2,000 or 3,000 visitors each week end. Railway officials sweat on Dec. 8, the great day of the Italians, when flocks resort to Luján from Buenos Aires and all the towns within traveling distance. And of course on St. Patrick's Day.

When St. Patrick's Day falls on a

Sunday the whole Irish-Argentine population* turns out to Luján *en masse*, and it is a rare anniversary when the passengers escape with no casualty. Once upon a time a railway strike was

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Oct. '40, p. 57.

called while the Irish pilgrims were celebrating at Luján, and the devotees were convinced that this was a black plot on the part of the British railroad. But these are only incidents in a long record of pilgrimages to the shrine.



The Crown of the Immaculate Conception

The Virgin feeds her poor

By REDMOND BURKE, C.S.V.

Condensed from *St. Mel's Review**

Only a few years ago the people of Chicago were electrified by the announcement that the richest crown in the world was on display at a loop store. Interested spectators soon learned the history of the emerald-studded golden crown which for more than 337 years had decorated the statue of the Immaculate Conception in the Cathedral of Popayán, a small city high in the Columbian Andes. Due to the impoverishment of the city, the Holy Father recently granted permission to sell the crown to a Chicago jeweler for a sum in seven figures. However, the crown of the blessed Mother has been estimated to be worth from \$3 million to \$6½ million.

In 1532, Pizarro conquered Peru and overthrew the fabulously wealthy Inca civilization. Many of his followers, deciding to settle there permanently, established the city of Popayán. The

city became known throughout Peru for its immense wealth.

Some 50 years after the founding of the city a plague broke out near by, killing Spaniards and Indians by the hundreds. The people of Popayán appealed to their bishop for advice. He suggested that they make a novena to the blessed Virgin. They did, and as by a miracle the entire city was saved. Immediately they decided to show their gratitude to the Mother of God by some expensive gift. After much deliberation they agreed to present her with a gold crown. Family coffers were opened and all contributed gold and emeralds for the making of the finest crown in the world. Over 100 pounds of gold and 453 emeralds weighing 1,532 carats were donated by the grateful citizens of Popayán. Goldsmiths and lapidaries were brought from Spain to make the emerald diadem a master-

*22 N. Kildare Ave., Chicago, Ill. December, 1940.

piece. They were given but one instruction: "The crown must exceed in beauty, in grandeur and in value the crown of any reigning monarch on earth, else it would not be a becoming gift to the Queen of Heaven."

The master artists spent six years on the exacting task. Of the original 100 pounds of gold only ten pounds remained after designing the elaborate crown in its magnificent lacelike pattern. Emeralds were generously spread about the crown and used to form a small cross on its crest. In its final form the crown of the Immaculate Conception was 15 inches high and 12 inches in diameter.

It was placed upon the statue of the blessed Virgin Mary on the eve of the feast of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8, 1599. Borne upon a white horse, the crown slowly moved towards the cathedral, with the faithful forming a guard of honor along the streets, holding white candles in their upraised hands, singing solemn chants, and incensing the crown. Until it was sold, the devout citizens of Popayán annually renewed the holy ceremony with all its pompous display.

During the ensuing centuries, pirates and robbers were prevalent. The news of the richest crown in the world lured them to the city of Popayán in the Columbian Andes, as had the fabulous wealth of the Inca civilization previously lured the Spaniards to South America. To defend this costly treasure, the

devout Catholics organized themselves into a vigilance group.

Their duties were not simply honorary ones, for many times pirates invaded this lofty inland town which is at an altitude of 6,000 feet. But each time the valiant confraternity protected the costly, precious treasure. To insure the safety of the crown of the blessed Mother during these dangerous and often bloody invasions, the crown was divided into parts. Each member was held responsible for the safekeeping of an individual piece.

When the era of piracy had faded, bands of revolutionists arose in South America and attempted to steal the crown of the Immaculate Conception. But every attempt was successfully beaten off by the confraternity.

With the passing of years the once heavily populated city of Popayán dwindled in numbers as commercial trading increased the activity around the near-by seaport cities. The city gradually became known as the center of art, religion and culture, a picturesque town reminiscent of the earlier days in South America. With the decrease in population and wealth, the Church authorities decided in 1911 to sell the crown in order to feed the impoverished people and support the charitable organizations in Popayán.

Nicholas, czar of Russia, whose hobby was collecting emeralds, was the first to bid for the precious crown, as it was the only collection of emeralds

in the world which surpassed his own. Negotiations and final arrangements for the sale to the czar were made with the consent of Pope Pius X. Six weeks later in the same year, 1914, the World War began.

The next prospective buyer was Warren Piper of Chicago. He was known throughout the U. S. as a gem specialist. In 1915, he was approached by a wealthy South American who wanted to buy some emeralds. After carefully examining the most expensive of Mr. Piper's emeralds, he politely declined to purchase any, with the declaration, "Your emeralds may be the finest in the U. S., but the best of them is infinitely inferior to the poorest

stone in the crown of the Immaculate Conception at Popayán." Immediately Piper became interested in the purchase of the famous crown. It took him 21 years, from 1915 to 1936, to obtain possession of it.

Papal permission was granted for the sale on Feb. 6, 1936, and on June 6 of the same year, Warren Piper presented a draft in seven figures to the Church authorities in Popayán. No one knows the exact sum he paid for the valuable crown of the Immaculate Conception, but the funds are now being used for the support of hospitals, orphanages, homes for the aged and for the feeding of the poor in and around the city of Popayán.



Flights of Fancy

They have nothing in common except that they both are.—*Stephen Carr.*

Her plentieth birthday.—*Franklin P. Adams.*

A snake unbraiding in the sun.—*Emily Dickenson.*

He adored her, and the feeling was nuptial.—*The [Melbourne] Advocate.*

As certain as a skeptic's certainty we cannot be certain of anything.—*Felix Fasching.*

Silence so deep one might hear a shadow pass.—*Will Whalen.*

Walks as if balancing the family tree on his nose.—*Raymond Moley.*

Inhabited rather than wore his collar.—*John B. Kennedy.*

Neutral as a swing door.—*Charles E. Anadore.*

Looked him over as though trying to find a spot to despise the most.—*Mark Twain.*

Kept up her monologue for one hour.—*W. T. Cottingham.*

Some people believe anything you tell them, if you whisper it.—*Sat. Eve. Post.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to the foregoing. We will pay upon publication \$4 to the first contributor of each one used. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Editor.]

Man Waits for Baby

By QUENTIN MORROW PHILLIP

The mother was also there

Condensed from the *Vincentian**

We arrived at the big hospital at three in the morning, my wife, the doctor and I. It all came suddenly, almost unexpectedly. The event had not been without an element of surprise. Three weeks before schedule (the doctor admitted the schedules are sometimes off calculations), and nothing we could argue about. A minute or two at the registration desk, then Mrs. Phillip and the doctor disappear into an elevator. The nurse at the desk smiles, acts charitable. "You may wait down here, Mr. Phillip. Just pick yourself a nice, comfortable couch, and we will let you know when you're wanted."

So I stay in the lobby downstairs. A sign stares me in the face, "No Smoking." What do they imagine a fellow has, nerves of steel? They're all wrong. "I say, nurse, do you mind if I indulge in a cigarette? I've got to do something to while away the hours. Can't just sit here like a wooden statue and do nothing." Nurse smiles again, sees I'm fidgety. I don't smile back. Nothing funny about this. I have a wife upstairs who means everything in the world to me. I can't smile. I get up, start around the lobby. There is another man on another couch on the opposite side. I go to him. "I say, old

fellow, are you waiting, too?" He grins. It is a sick grin. "Yeah, been waiting 24 hours," he says. "Hard case. God, I hope that girl of mine pulls through."

I leave him. The room feels kind of stuffy. I step outside. There is a blizzard raging. It is Dec. 30, a real winter day. Tomorrow they'll be celebrating New Year's Eve. There will be merriment. But I can't picture it. I try to conjure something funny. My baby should have waited another day. Then every New Year's Eve we would have a birthday party at our home. But the idea doesn't take hold. This is Dec. 30, and he or she is already on the way. I wish the wind wouldn't blow so hard; I could walk around the block. I can hardly look up; it's blowing that hard. There is much snow on the ground. Guess I'd better go in again where it's warm. Must be about 5 o'clock by now. I step inside, glance at the clock. It is ten minutes past four. Good grief, what kind of clocks do they have around here?

I light still another cigarette. The porter mops the floor around me. He's willing, but I refuse to strike up a conversation. So I shut my eyes, pretend I'm resting. Then someone taps me on the shoulder. It is the doctor.

*1405 S. 9th St., St. Louis, Mo. January, 1941.

He has come downstairs to have a word with me. "How is Mrs. Phillip?" I ask. "Okay," he replies. "Coming along all right." "How soon?" I add. "Don't know," he answers. "It should be sometime before noon. But there is no way of knowing exactly. I think, Mr. Phillip, you had better come upstairs. There is a waiting and reception room right off the maternity ward. You can sleep there while you're waiting." I don't protest. I follow him. I feel so utterly useless.

I am alone in a small, darkened room. A lighted corridor runs past an open door. Another corridor veers off to the right. I can see nurses moving back and forth. Somewhere in a seemingly far-off distance I hear infants wailing. No baby here is more than ten days old.

I feel drowsy, make an attempt to catch 40 winks. No use. Mind won't stay still. I walk to a window. A large park is spread before me. It is yet dark, but I can distinguish the silhouetted trees standing gaunt against a gray, snow-laden sky. Street and building lights blink all around, speckle the horizon. I recognize a tall building about a half mile to the south. It is St. Anthony's Hospital. I have a friend there, a priest. I know he is critically ill with double lobar pneumonia. I also know he has had a severe heart attack. I was told Christmas Eve that he prayed for death; his pain was almost unbearable. But he is still alive, though

his chances for pulling through are slim.

I weave comparisons, put my mind on the riddle of life, on the enigma of existence. What is it? Why is it? Why must it be, to what end, to what plan? This priest who probably is dying this very moment—why should he die so young? He is only 37, two years older than I, and I don't feel that I have lived so very long. There still is much he could do in the special field his superiors assigned to him.

I recount my friends who died within the last ten years. They seem to be so many. Poor, unimportant men, most of them, people like myself who come unheralded into the world, leave it without causing much comment. Only our nearest and dearest mourn us, and then only for a little while. We leave no imprint upon time, no stamp upon history, no thing of seeming value to posterity. Just poor, unimportant souls.

How unimportant? Is there not a God? An eternity? A continuation of existence? A multitude of the blessed we can join? Why, there must be. It can't all end in nothing. It wouldn't make sense. And does it matter much that here below history remembers us not? How could it matter? The dead care not what we write about them. Not all great historical figures have greatness beyond.

The doctor again comes into the room. He appears tired. I offer him

a cigarette. We smoke in brief silence. He makes a stab at conversation. "You're a writer, Mr. Phillip," he says. "Why don't you write a piece about fatherhood, how it feels waiting for your child to be born? I imagine you could write a good article."

Fear returns. I remember reading of unhappy things, of hearing tragic stories. This hospital is well known. Its name is frequently in the papers. Only a few weeks ago a child was born here while its mother, dying, was placed in a hastily procured artificial lung. An unusual birth. The mother died; the baby lives. Then there were other cases. And I remember that a small, but nevertheless certain, percentage of infants come into the world idiots. I shudder! Then sometimes freaks are born. I feel a cold sweat rise. Please, God, let no tragedy befall us. Let this child be born with five fingers on each hand, with five toes on each foot, with two ears, with two eyes, normal in every respect. Let it be a creature of intelligence. I care not whether it is a boy or girl, but let it not be deformed in body or twisted in brain. And, please, dear God, let my wife come through safely.

Dawn streaks the murky sky. There is activity in the corridors. It is feeding time. Babies are carried from a nursery to their mothers. There is much wailing. Doctors and internes begin to appear. I can't see where they are going. I can't feel I am interested

in them. I only know I am expecting a child of my own to be born; and I can't lose the thought that a short distance away a very dear friend of mine lies dying. Contrast!

This room is wearing my nerves to a frazzle. I've got to get out. My pocket watch says seven o'clock. By now there must be some restaurants open in this out-of-the-way neighborhood. I go downstairs, leave the building, walk in the direction of a streetcar line where I am sure to find a restaurant of some sort. There is one about two blocks down. I am the first customer. The blizzard raging all night seems to have raised havoc with transportation. The baker has not come with any sweet rolls or doughnuts. I have no appetite for a meat sandwich. They are out of cheese. So we compromise. They have a little white bread left from yesterday. Would I like toast with jelly? I would.

I suddenly hunger for conversation. I tell the night cook who is serving me that I haven't slept all night, that I am waiting for my baby to be born. Somehow I feel sorry for myself. But I get the wrong answers. She tells me about a child she lost. It doesn't add to my appetite.

I return to the hospital, numb with cold. I am anxious to find a warm corner. The clock on the wall points to a quarter past eight. The place is now alive with activity. How different it was when we came in at three.

There is a new nurse at the reception desk. I do not know her, but she seems to be on the lookout for me. "Mr. Phillip?" I nod. She smiles. "You're wanted on the fourth floor."

I am rooted, momentarily. I can't think. Then I see an elevator about to go up. I boldly run for it. The door is opened for me on the fourth floor.

I step out into a corridor. It looks quiet, deserted. Has something happened? I tremble. They could at least come out and tell a fellow, not leave him hanging in mid-air. I glance around; I've got to see why I was called. Far down the corridor a door suddenly opens. A man in white appears. It is our family doctor. He sees me, waves a hand, comes forward.

"Just what you always wanted, Mr. Phillip. A boy!"

I am speechless. In a minute I see they are wheeling my wife to her room. I see her face as they pass by me. She

tries to smile as she sees me. Our eyes meet. A brief moment, yes, but both our lives were completely wrapped up in it. We needed no murmur of love. It was there in that brief moment, in the fullness of our hearts and souls. There God could judge our faith and our fidelity.

The doctor leads me to a glass-windowed door. I see a nurse lay a mite of humanity beside a basin on a table. She is going to bathe my son. My newborn son! Its kicking legs catch my fancy. I have a boy. And all I can do is just look, and look, and look.

"Come on down, let's have breakfast," says the doctor. I nod, try to smile, stumble for words. But it's no use. Though my eyes are dry, he knows that inside of me I am weeping with joy. There is nothing in me that would philosophize. There is only a gladness understandable but to God. It cannot be put into words.



Beginnings . . . XXII . . .

MARYLAND

First priests: Fathers Andrew White, S.J., and John Altham, S.J., March 12, 1634.

First Mass: By the same, on St. Clement's Isle, March 25, 1634.

First dated Baptism: Chief Chitomachon (Kittamaqund) by Father White, S.J., at Pascattoway (near present Washington) on the Potomac, July 5, 1640.

Gilbert J. Garraghan in *Mid-America* (April '39).

Hiding-Hole Secrets

By DAVID LE ROI

In merry England

Condensed from the *Catholic Fireside**

On an estate at Wimborne, England, a poultry farmer noticed his charges busily pecking in a corner of the field. Investigation proved the center of attraction to be a small hole almost hidden by grass and bushes.

The farmer commenced digging and, part of the surrounding ground falling in, a vertical shaft was revealed, some 20 feet deep. The shaft was found to lead into a tunnel six feet high and four feet broad. Although the tunnel extends for only a few feet, the end being completely blocked up, antiquaries are positive it is what remains of a secret underground passage built during the 16th century to facilitate the escape of hunted priests.

Support to this theory is provided by the fact that at one time a monastery stood near the spot where the hole was found, while a path skirting the field, and believed to follow the original course of the tunnel, is still locally called the Monks' Walk.

The bloodthirsty years of religious persecution that followed the so-called Reformation inspired a race of architectural craftsmen who turned hundreds of Tudor mansions and estates into honeycombs of hidden rooms and secret corridors. During that terrible period, when the persecutors were in

full cry throughout the realm, the designing of hiding places reached the dignity of an art, and thousands of priests hounded by Queen Elizabeth's minions owed their lives to the ingenuity of builders.

Old laws against Catholics had been revised and tightened, while fresh legislation was passed to increase the disabilities of the faithful. Catholicism was constituted a bar to the privileges of citizenship, celebration of Mass was strictly forbidden, and all priests were subject to the death penalty. Faced with this onslaught against their faith, English Catholics set about overcoming it. In the houses of all the leading Catholic families, expert carpenters and masons were employed to construct hiding places to shelter the persecuted priests.

The greatest designer of priest holes was an humble Jesuit lay Brother, Nicholas Owen, better known as "Little John." For nearly 20 years he traveled England, a small, wiry man who limped slightly and carried a bag of tools on his back. Outwardly, he was merely a jobbing carpenter, but actually he was a master architect who spent his life burrowing under the floors and through the walls of the great Catholic mansions.

*27 Chancery Lane, London, W. C. 2, England. Jan. 3, 1941.

Nicholas Owen did not work on any fixed plan, but designed hiding places according to the original layout of the particular house in which he happened to be working. He took full advantage of the corners, uneven floors, long twisting passages and differences in levels that characterized our Elizabethan ancestors' homes. Many a priest hole he built under staircases, in false chimneys, in shafts concealed by bogus walls, in gables, and even between the rafters of rooms. Some idea of the conditions under which this human mole worked may be gained from the fact that, besides carrying on without assistance, most of his burrowing was done at night.

Nicholas Owen was the immediate means of saving the lives of hundreds of persons, and many of these fugitives escaped, not once, but many times, in several searches of the same house. The builder's ingenuity was equaled only by his discretion, and he was never known to mention, even to the most intimate friend, the places where he had constructed secret rooms.

For 16 years Owen pursued his activities; and then one day he was caught with the famous Father Gerard and sent to the Tower of London. Fortunately for the architect, the authorities were so elated at having laid the redoubtable Father Gerard by the heels that they overlooked Owen and freed him. Two years later, however, he was discovered in one of his own

hiding places, and on that occasion the royal officers, appreciating the true significance of the little lame artisan, duly racked him to death.*

Curiously enough, Harvington Hall, in Worcestershire, which has the largest and most ingenious collection of "hides" under one roof, was not honeycombed until about ten years after Owen's execution, but there is good reason to believe the work was carried out by men who had been trained under the famous "Little John." Harvington Hall is a veritable warren of hidden rooms and secret passages. There is a complete route, by way of the rafters, across the roof of the house; while from the chapel there is an exit by way of two secret chambers into a shaft, veiled from the outside by a false wall, where there is a pulley for lowering the fugitive to a trap opening into the moat. Most of the camouflaged rooms scattered throughout the mansion are connected with each other by narrow corridors screened by false walls, balustrades and panels. It was by fleeing from room to room in this maze that Father Wall concealed himself for 11 years during the persecution of Charles II.

Sometimes secret chambers became the tombs of the men they hid, as was proved some years ago during the removal of buildings preparatory to the construction of Kingsway in London. While the wreckers were clearing away

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Jan. '40, p. 68.

some rubble they came upon a small brick enclosure containing a rosary, a queer-shaped hat, a tattered devotional book, an antique cup, and a skeleton. The articles indicated the holy calling of the long-dead inmate, while the following lines, cut upon the wall, ex-

plained his end: "Have been for many hours without meat and drink. I fear something may have befallen." In this case, it was obvious that the person who had harbored the fugitive had been captured, and the hunted priest had slowly starved to death.



Not Yet a Lady

King George V of England, shortly after his coronation, was taking a trip with the queen and two of their children. They were due to board a vessel at a certain time, but the two children were dawdling about as children will. The officer in charge of the trip went to the little princess and said, "Come along, little lady."

The little girl looked him over carefully and then answered, "I am not a little lady. I am the Princess Mary."

About that time the queen had arrived on the scene and overheard her daughter's words. She turned to the officer and said, "She is quite right. She is not a 'little lady.' But we hope to make her one."

The Liguorian (Jan. '41).



Man Among Friends

In 1,000 years, they say in Denmark, no king has been as beloved as Christian X, whose personal courage and deep sense of responsibility, all feel, have saved the nation from even greater hardships than are now being endured.

Every morning the king still takes his daily ride on horseback in Copenhagen, alone and unprotected as always before.

Recently a German officer in Copenhagen saw him and was amazed; turning to a man in the street, he asked, "Where is his bodyguard?" The Dane smiled and pointing to himself said, "Right here, sir, all of us are his bodyguard."

Svend Egede-Lassen in *St. Ansgar's Bulletin* (Dec. '40).

Should God Bless America?

Don't be silly

By FRANCIS N. WENDELL, O.P.

Condensed from *Our Sunday Visitor**

She said that every time she heard *God Bless America* she felt like screaming. A lot of people feel that way. A lot more don't. As for me, I'm neutral, up to a certain point. I like the music, especially like the words; but I strenuously object to the lack of reason behind the words. What do I mean? Well, do you seriously think that God will bless America if America damns God? That's like the man who said, "I know I killed your mother, stole your wife, fired your house and cut your throat. But I love you." It doesn't make sense.

Let's be reasonable about this. First, I write not only as a Catholic priest but as an American citizen who is vitally interested in the well-being of my country. I know there is much to be said in favor of this country's treatment of God. At least we haven't started paying divine honors to a fire-eating führer, a strutting duce or a communistic blood-letter. But we are, I believe, missing out on some definite fundamentals.

Patriotism is splendid. As a matter of fact, patriotism, in Catholic theology, is a virtue, just as prudence and justice and temperance are virtues. But patriotism, without reason, is hardly anything more than secular fanaticism. If

our patriotism prompts us to cry out, "God bless America," that expression ought first to be thought out to its logical conclusion.

Leaving aside, for the moment, the Catholic churches, the other churches of this country are, generally speaking, obviously and admittedly empty on Sunday or at any other time, perhaps Christmas and Easter excepted. Yet these millions of absentee tenants, who insist on calling themselves Christians, have a solemn obligation to worship God. What are they doing about it? Are we to believe they are worshipping Him under the stars, or up in the quiet of their bedrooms?

Some time ago, in a study made by Prof. George Herbert Betts, it was found that of a group of theological students for the Protestant ministry only 44% believed that "Jesus is equal in power, knowledge and authority with God." In other words, 56% of these 200 recruits for the Protestant ministry no longer believed in the divinity of Christ!

Add to the vast number of snoring Protestants thousands of so-called Catholics who likewise fail to worship God, spice it with those Jews who no longer worship God according to their lights, sprinkle it with the ever-increas-

*Huntington, Ind. Jan. 19, 1941.

ing atheists of America, and you have a pudding fit, not for a king, but for a fool. "God bless America?" I give up.

There are millions of people who delight in calling themselves "pro-Americans," and yet who are doing everything in their power to decimate the population of their "beloved country." In 1923 Margaret Sanger opened a birth-control center in New York. We are beginning to reap the harvest now in the form of reports from boards of education like the one handed out in New York: 29,000 fewer children in the elementary schools in September, 1940, than there were a year previous.

I realize, of course, that the contraceptionists advance many arguments to bolster up their case. These arguments have been answered. Then, too, we used to hear a great deal about Malthus and the Neo-Malthusians and overpopulation. But no more. They know, as practically every thinking person in the country knows, that the birth rate of this country has been declining fast enough to startle even the most sanguinary of the Sangerites. Even some of the old guard are taking note, as witness the statement of Will Durant at the 53rd annual convention of the New York State League of Saving and Loan Associations:

"I, too, worked for this birth-control movement: preached it, shouted it almost from the housetops shamelessly; and today I see America breeding from the bottom and dying from the top

because we won so thoroughly. We have solved one problem and we have created another that is immeasurably profounder.

"I know what happened to Athens. Infanticide eventually reached the point where nobody raised children there except the lowest of the low and the most barbaric of the immigrants. I know what happened to Rome. I know how Caesar almost scratched his head bald thinking how he might induce the Roman women to have children. He decreed that they should have no diamonds if they had no children, that they should have no jewels of one kind if they had none of the other. I know that Augustus passed law after law in the first decade of our Christian era almost 2,000 years ago, trying to stop this current of family limitation. I know, too, that all that legislation failed. I know that in Rome at last barbarians and slaves had to till the soil; and that, finally, the rapidly breeding immigrants overran Italy. It was the end of the Western Roman Empire."

When the coffins of a country exceed the cradles of a country that country is doomed. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's statisticians recently estimated that by the year 2000 the number of women able to bear children will have dropped to such an extent that the birth rate will be inadequate to maintain a stationary population against the death rate that will prevail at that time.

For America the handwriting is on the wall just as it was on the wall for France. Ten years or more ago, observers said that France was a decadent nation as a result of the almost universal practice of contraception. They weren't prophets; they were students. Many years previous, Von Moltke said to Bismarck, "We needn't kill the French; they are killing themselves."

Right on the heels of France comes "the land of the free and the home of the brave." Our birth-rate figures are very close to the figures of the once mighty France. France once gave us the statue of Liberty; she is now offering us another gift—the voice of experience.

Without being pessimistic, I don't think very many will do anything about it. The issues are too close to home. They would involve such things as getting out of bed on Sunday morning, or raising babies instead of poodles.

In these critical times we must watch our state and national legislatures to see that nothing contrary to the laws of God or nature, or the good of this country be initiated.

You say that a civil official must not trespass in the field of the moralist? Father Gillis, the hard-hitting Paulist, had an answer for that. "Quite the contrary," he said, "a civil official who ignores or slights the moral element in political or industrial or financial life is no statesman. Theodore Roosevelt may or may not always have measured up to the stature of statesmanship, but he was not afraid to tell his fellow citizens that, though no one else would ruin us, we could ruin ourselves." If our senators and congressmen will not cry out against the moral decay of the nation then we must prod them into doing it.

We are arming ourselves against aggression from without. What about decomposition from within? To remedy the situation there are two things we can do. If our democracy perishes, it will die, not from Nazi raiders, Japanese militarists, fascist fallacies, or communistic manifestoes, but from cancer of the head and of the heart.

God bless America? Don't be silly. God will never bless America until America first blesses God.

✦

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.

From Heroes and Hero Worship by Carlyle.

✦

A straw vote only shows which way the hot air blows.

From A Ruler of Men by O. Henry.

✦

An epigram is a half truth so expressed as to irritate people who believe the other half truth.

Shailer Mathews in *Forum* (Feb. '39).

The Symbolism of Dress

By GRAHAM CAREY

No designs for mannequins

Condensed from the *Christian Social Art Quarterly**

The first article of dress was probably the waist string. Having invented stone tools and weapons, primitive man was better off with them than without them; but until he had discovered some way of carrying them without encumbering his hands he was embarrassed as well as strengthened by them. A thong or pliable vine around the waist enabled him to carry his knife or ax with him, and yet keep his hands free. According to this speculation, the first clothes were pockets, the function of which is to increase potential activity without diminishing freedom.

Armor must have been another early function of clothing. The feet in particular need protection from cuts and bruises, and by shoeing them with an artificial thickness of skin, primitive man could increase his power to act freely and rapidly on stony, rough and thorny ground. He could run swiftly in shoes where barefoot he could only pick his way.

Protection from cold and heat must obviously have been an early development. A clothed man is free to follow his will in such cold or wet weather as would force a mere artless animal to cower in its den until the conditions were temperate enough for its nakedness. In the tropics the head, and par-

ticularly the nape of the neck, must be shielded from the burning sun if a man is to be free and active.

We notice that all these needs for clothing are primarily expressions of the need to *be* oneself, rather than the need to *act* on other things. They are static and passive in their operation rather than dynamic or active. Most other artificial things are extensions of one kind or another of man's dynamic powers. The sword, hammer, plow and oar are extensions of man's hands or arms. By means of the megaphone, telephone and microphone, he extends the power of his voice to speak, and of his ear to hear. By means of the microscope, telescope and fluoroscope, he extends the power of his eye to see things. But in general, the arts of *dress* primarily enable him not to *act* but to *be*, to maintain himself in a changing environment, rather than to change the environment. The other tools might be considered as developments of his hand and arm, ear or eye, but dress is a development of his skin.

But man is spirit as well as body. Both body and spirit are real, both are good, and each has meaning only in terms of the other. Man's mind is as much dependent upon artificial things as is his body. And because spirit and

*380 Pearl St., Burlington, Vt. Christmas, 1940.

flesh are so intimately interlocked with each other, the things man makes are usually intended for both kinds of service at the same time.

For example, a house is built for the purpose of protecting the human family that dwells in it, from cold and wet, from heat and wind, from listening ears and prying eyes. Man needs comfort and shelter for his body, but he needs comfort and shelter for his soul as well. He craves certitude regarding the ultimate meaning of things, of his place in the universe. He seeks an answer to the eternal riddle of life. What am I? Where do I come from? Why am I here? Where am I going? And having arrived at the best available answers to these problems, men have always desired to confirm themselves in their beliefs, and express them tangibly. Throughout the mythology and folklore of traditional peoples we find the same theme continually recurring. The house or hut or wigwam is not only a physical shelter, it is also a symbol of the cosmos itself.

The universe, fashioned by the hand of God, is the habitation of the whole family of mankind, so this little house that I have built with my own hands is the dwelling place of my little family. I think of each part of my little house as the analogue of the corresponding part of the universal structure. The floor represents the flat surface of the earth. The roof or dome

or vault corresponds to the great blue vault or dome of the sky. The hole at the center of my roof which lights the house is analogous to the sun conceived of as a round hole piercing the roof of the world, and admitting the blinding empyrean light which fills the space outside. The beams or shafts of light that radiate out and downwards from the sun are symbols of the benefactions of God, and correspond in my little house to the wooden shafts and beams which radiate from the central hole. In the center of my floor is the hearth, and this I call the center of the universe. From it the smoke ascends to the "sun door" and departs through it into the outer superhuman world. So my prayers ascend to the God that is beyond the sun, and when I come to die, my soul, like a thin mist or wraith of smoke, ascends and vanishes into the other world.

We have become so cut off from the traditional modes of thought of the peoples of most times and places, pagan and Christian, that we have for the most part forgotten these symbols and their meanings, though dim reminiscences persist in the language we still use, *dome* and *vault* and *canopy* for the sky, *shaft* and *beam* for extensions of wood as well as extensions of light. But once all things made by man for his practical necessities were sanctified and sacramentalized by such cosmic references. As far as we know, *literally all* things made were made in tradi-

tional societies with an eye to universal references as much as to physical use. The ship, wagon, plow, sword, distaff and loom, and every other instrument made by man had its metaphysical as well as its physical uses. All artificial things, as well as all natural ones, spoke to men of the goodness of God, and of man's duties to Him. However dim and imperfect a hold on truth traditional people had, they were inclined to make it part of their lives, believing that divine things demand not so much perfect understanding as constant reference. God is in all things He has made; and even the things that man, made in His image, makes, must speak of God and the order He has created. (St. Augustine tells us that God made visible things that we might understand invisible things, and St. Thomas tells us that the artist should make things in the same way that God does. These two statements taken together express the traditional artistic conviction that human things are not properly made unless they have superhuman references.)

And so it was with that most intimate and perhaps most important of arts, the art of dress. The physical and spiritual uses of dress are intertwined, just as the physical and spiritual principles in man himself are intertwined. For good clothes must fit man as he is, and man is body and spirit, both real, both good, and each having meaning only in terms of the other.

Clothing is thought of as an almost organic extension of the skin, but also as a house. The house shelters the family and affirms its relation to the universe. The garments shelter and affirm the status of the individual. Between habitation and habiliment there is, in traditional societies, a constant analogical interchange. One's dress speaks of the kind of the world *he* lives in. Of what race is he, what tribe, or what sex, what age, what vocation? All the relevant facts about a person are announced by his dress. The body is warmed, protected and veiled, but the mind is similarly equipped, and set at rest by being assured of its place in the divine scheme of things.

A better example of the relation of dress and architecture is the chasuble. The word comes from *casula*, meaning a little house. It is the cosmic house with which the priest clothes himself for the celebration of Mass. It is conical, like a wigwam, with the sun door at the top. His body remains in the physical world, but his head is in heaven, thinking the thoughts of heaven, speaking the words of heaven, and partaking of heavenly food and drink. The Introit of the 21st Sunday after Pentecost refers to the sky as a great cope, "Thou hast made all things, heaven and earth, and all things that are under the cope of heaven."

Clothes may thus most simply be called a means of affirming the personality. They make the person, to

himself and to others, more clearly what he actually *is*. Garments, therefore, are both an expression and an extension of the person. They affirm the nature of the person clothed, and then fortify and enliven that nature. (Just as the penman *feels* with his pen, the carver with his chisel, and the violinist with his bow, just as if nerves actually ran down these dynamic extensions of themselves, so in a more passive and static way clothes extend the limits of self, and enable the wearer to feel *himself* to the extremity of each garment. Clothes thus come to be almost another self. When we say that the soul *inhabits* the body, we use words which express the analogy of physical dress. The body is in the garment of the soul. The Malays who speak of the body as the soul's *sarong* are no more explicit than St. Paul, who speaks of his body both as a house and a dress, which he desires to change for a heavenly habitation and heavenly raiment.)

Because of these things clothes come to be used to represent the absent body of their wearer. In China, for example, if the body of a dead man has been lost in fire or flood, his clothes are ceremonially buried in its stead. And when a living son cannot be present at his father's funeral, his habiliments are carried on a tray in the funeral procession, representing his filial desire to attend. Regalia and royal robes sometimes come to be more respected

than the bodies that wear them. Kings come and kings go, but the *crown* goes on forever.

As one's clothes are one's other self, the washing of clothes becomes naturally a symbol of spiritual purification. After offering the sin offering, the Hebrew high priest washed himself and put off the garments he had worn. After expiation, the Greek worshiper might not enter a city, or his house, until he had washed himself and his clothes. In early Catholic Baptism the baptized put off their garments, and dressed in new white robes. So did penitents in the Middle Ages after confession. And it seems probable that the modern pagan custom called the "Easter Parade" is a degenerate relic of the medieval Christian custom of putting on new garments on Good Friday.

As clothes are extensions of our individual natures, those who wish to be united with one another exchange their clothes. Thus Glaucus and Diomed changed armor, and became thereby brothers-in-arms. All through European folklore we find bride and groom exchanging headgear. The Jews of medieval Egypt were accustomed to dress the groom in his bride's clothes, and equip her with his helmet and sword. In the double ring ceremony, bride and groom exchange rings. In various cultures all over the world the dress of bride and groom are exchanged, or tied together, or sewn together, special

threads and knots being used, of which we still preserve the memory in the true love knot.

The finest of dress is appropriate to times of rejoicing and happiness. Feasting and fine clothing naturally go together, and here again we retain some traces of traditional manners, in the lingering custom of dressing for dinner.

But if dressing up is an expression of joy, dressing down is a corresponding expression of misery, the negation of well-being. Sorrow, shame, or simple humility are expressed by negative forms of dress, where value, color and style are at a minimum. The diminution of personality is echoed by the wearing of rags, sackcloth, hemp, black or colorless clothes, or torn or dirty ones. Momentary diminutions of personality can only be expressed by partial unclothing, or by fouling and tearing the dress. The Jews, to whom St. Paul was telling the story of his conversion, listened patiently until he mentioned the word *Gentiles*, and then they cried out, and cast off their clothes, and threw dust into the air. So to strip a man is forcibly to reduce him to the minimum of his being, and this is to humiliate him. This was recognized even in Homeric times, as when Ulysses threatened to strip Thersites. In the same way a dishonored soldier before being punished is stripped of his marks of military status.

Vocations and social grades are expressed as well as social moments:

what one is, as well as what one happens to be occupied in doing. The cap and buttons of the conductor tell you that he has a right to take your ticket, the uniform of the policeman that he has a right to give you one. These are conventions, but they are part of the much larger business of having your clothes assert what you are. It is convenient to know that the man in a black suit and a Roman collar is a priest, without his having to proclaim it, or our having to ask it.

Thus race, habitation, vocation, sex, age and religion, all the major facts that go to differentiate people from each other, are, in traditional cultures, expressed by dress.

But all this cult of the second body may easily be carried to evil extremes. Our Lord offers a timely rebuke to such excesses, emphasizing the natural beauty of the dress of wild flowers, and asserting that the body is more than the raiment. St. Jerome goes so far as to say that "the undue purity of the body and its garments means the impurity of the soul."

Most of our secular clothing is degenerate. Progressively since the Renaissance the dress of both men and women has been secularized, dominated by the wrong causes, impoverished. St. Thomas warns us of the extreme danger of allowing men of commerce to be our rulers. St. John in the Apocalypse prophesies the collapse of all cultures which allow such

rule. We see about us today the violence and misery and threatened collapse that result from the neglect of the warning and the prophecy. Yet we men are so dominated by commercial ideas that we clothe ourselves with the garments that men of commerce have decided are suitable for their needs. Coats and trousers, collars and ties are fitting raiment for urban traders, bank clerks and shopkeepers. But they are not suitable for the rest of us. With the women the case is even worse. During the same period feminine dress has assumed forms more and more derived from the least reputable levels of female society. Even the farthingale of the 17th century and the crinoline of the 19th were originally the inventions of prostitutes, and it is not difficult to recognize the meretricious implications of much of the rapid succession of shapes which commercialism presents to us.

Whatever the origins of certain dress forms, and however we may regret

them, there is little to be gained by attacking effects, and much by attacking causes. Decency is essentially a social idea, and to contravene the established conventions of dress is an offence against decency. Strange garments in the public street are as much of a shock as strange grimaces and antics. If we fully understand the principles of traditional culture and dress we will be able to suffuse all but the most extreme of the accepted forms of dress with these. We must attack the problem as the Church attacked the problem of human slavery, not as the Abolitionists attacked it; with the sweetness of reason, not with the bitterness of the sword. Our clothing will be more expressive of a permanent and sacred culture, as we begin gradually to learn the principles of such a culture, and how to apply them to our daily lives. Thus we will do our tiny bit to restore the intellectual tradition of the Church to its proper place beside the moral tradition.



Bread on the Waters

A charitable woman noticed a poorly attired man standing at a street corner near her home. Taking compassion on him one morning, she pressed a dollar bill into his hand, whispering, "Never despair!" The next time that she saw him he stopped her and handed her \$9. "What does this mean?" she asked. Said he, "It means, ma'am, that Never Despair won in the third race at eight to one."

Camillus quoted in *Our Sunday Visitor* (1 Dec. '40).

Prince-Priest of the Alleghenies

By LESTER SCHEXNAYDER

His eye spoke when his voice was silent

Condensed from the *Notre Damean**

In 1769 western Pennsylvania saw the disappearance of the cross from its territory. When the French garrisons withdrew, the military chaplains withdrew with them. The cross did not appear again in the Alleghenies until 30 years later, 1799.

In that year a young priest took up his abode in these mountains. With the zeal and energy of a St. Paul, he built churches, founded villages, attracted a Catholic population, purchased large tracts of land. He worked steadily for 41 years of privation and suffering, spent \$150,000 of his own personal fortune, and died leaving 10,000 Catholics in a region where he had found but a handful.

This pioneer priest of Pennsylvania was Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, prince of the royal court of Russia. Having renounced all his titles and rightful claims to nobility, he lived the simple Christian life of plain Father Smith, as he was known.

The first mission assigned to him was at Conewago, Pa., where there already existed a flourishing church. This was not the work for which his princely soul yearned. His eyes constantly scanned the uncultivated and sparsely populated areas of the Alleghenies and he felt his work was there. Obtaining

Bishop Carroll's permission, he set out for these regions. After a difficult journey he arrived among the rocks and forests of the mountaintops. There he found 12 scattered Catholic families. A certain McGuire family gladly took him in, and their home served as both church and rectory. He was soon installed in a little log cabin, the work of his own hands; and, with the help of his Catholic friends, a church, 44 by 25 feet, was finished on Christmas Eve of 1799, just in time for the celebration of midnight Mass.

The burning desire of his soul was to attract a Catholic colony. Purchasing large tracts of land, he sold them in farms at low prices or even gave them away to the poor. He later established a gristmill and sawmill. In this way arose the now famous town of Loretto.

To do all this he relied solely on his personal fortune. His father owned extensive property in Russia and at regular intervals Gallitzin received large sums of money from his mother. However, seven years after his arrival in the Alleghenies, his mother died, three years after her husband. Crushing as was this double loss, further disappointment was yet to follow in its wake. The emperor of Russia could not par-

**Notre Dame Seminary, New Orleans, La. January, 1941.*

don the son of a Russian prince for becoming a priest. The missionary received a letter from a friend in Europe informing him that by act of the Russian government he had been cut off from his patrimony in reprisal for adherence to the Catholic priesthood. He obtained from his sister, who thus became sole heiress, certain sums which relieved him somewhat of his heavy obligations, but the princess married a profligate husband who squandered her brother's share, putting an end to help from abroad.

From Loretto he served all the territory within a radius of 150 miles. When he had taken up residence with the McGuires the nearest neighbor was 20 miles away. But after attracting a Catholic population to Loretto, his flock was concentrated and his long trips greatly reduced.

In the 41 years Father Gallitzin toiled for his mountain people, he established order where there had been disorder. The young priest, whose rapid, ringing step once heard could never be forgotten, and whose flashing dark eyes were at once the joy, terror and inspiration of every member of his flock, was soon prince among these rude mountain people. He was as humble of heart as he was noble of birth. Up before the sun, and fasting, he rode along the wild pathways of the forest that were oftener visited by wolves and bears than by humans. Neither cold nor storm could delay his mission jour-

neys. Once he was warned to take better care of himself and he answered with typical firmness, "As the days have gone by when it was possible for us to testify by martyrdom to God's glory upon earth, it becomes our duty, like the toil-worn ox, to remain hitched to the plow in the field of the Lord."

On Easter Sunday, 1840, after the arduous services of Holy Week, Father Gallitzin, now 70, had before sunrise taken his place in the confessional. After confessions he summoned his remaining strength and ascended the altar for Mass. It was to be his last Mass. When it was over, he took to his bed, never to arise from it. He died on May 6 that year, assisted by a fellow priest sent to his aid a few years previously. Prince on earth, he left to take his place in the court of heaven.

Father Gallitzin's best praise is his work. Fifty years after his death, there were ten Catholic churches and three monasteries in Cambria County, all of which grew out of Loretto. Not only had he spent \$150,000 of his own money in improving his town and its surroundings but, as further evidence of his pre-eminent generosity, he never accepted a salary. Bishop Carroll had once suggested his name for the episcopacy, but he firmly refused this offer. Having renounced the dignities of the world, he did not aspire to those in the Church.

In regard to the house of God, he was very severe about anything that

savored of irreverence. He insisted on perfect decorum and he got it. We note one of the many incidents bearing this out. A member of his congregation had married a Protestant woman. She accompanied her husband to church but would not kneel. Mass went on. The devout stole terrified glances at one another, for they felt that a rebuke, swift and terrible, was coming. Father Gallitzin was silent until he turned around to give Communion. "Kneel down, woman, kneel down," he said in a low voice. But the woman did not kneel. An instant passed. The prince's black eyes seemed to flash fire and in a voice of thunder he exclaimed, "Woman: kneel down!" The words shook the very church; she dropped to her knees. Six months later this same woman of her own accord came to the priest for instructions and was converted.

He took note of the slightest irregularities in dress or posture, and on Sundays during the *Asperges*, he sprinkled offenders with an extra quantity of holy water. Once a foolish young unbeliever had come to Loretto to have some fun over "Priest Gallitzin's

doin's." Having been wedged in, quite unwillingly, with the crowd at the door, he boldly laughed at the sight of the priest coming down the aisle and sprinkling the people, who were indignant at the intruder's performance. With perfect composure, the priest stopped and fixed his gaze upon him. It had its usual effect. Crimson with shame, the "smart guy" covered his face and dashed out of doors.

Father Gallitzin's ability was no less notable in the pulpit and confessional. He had the gift of eloquence and the ability of explaining divine truth clearly even to the most rustic. And he was admired for his wisdom in solving cases of conscience.

Today, there is a bronze statue of the prince in front of the church at Loretto. Within a 15-mile radius of his first log cabin, there are now 21 parishes, with 33 priests and four religious and educational institutions. What was then his missionary field now constitutes the dioceses of Pittsburgh, Erie and a large part of that of Harrisburg. Such a life and such a legacy certainly merit him a rank among America's foremost pioneer apostles.

It was a hot day in Damien's church in Molokai. Perhaps many of the lepers were inclined to drowsiness as the priest, standing before the altar, divested himself of chasuble and maniple in preparation for the sermon. But after he had advanced to the sanctuary rail (he had no pulpit), and began to talk, all signs of lethargy among his listeners quickly vanished. There was a sudden shocked stir, for instead of addressing them with the usual "My brethren," he had said, slowly and significantly, "We lepers. . . ."

From *Damien the Leper* by John Farrow (Sheed & Ward).

Every Man a Capitalist

Factories should be junked

By ROBERT W. MARKS

Condensed from *Coronet**

You can make an income of only \$4,000 a year bring you a \$15,000-a-year living standard and a new lease on the pleasures of living, if you will take the simple trouble of learning what every intelligent man ought to learn anyway: it is uneconomic to let anybody else do your living for you.

Ralph Borsodi, a consulting economist, came to the sudden conclusion one summer day that, contrary to all the theories of mass production, a man could make his dollar buy from three to five times more of everything, including pleasure, by applying himself personally to matters of production. He could have fine fabrics, fine furniture, fine housing, more leisure, and, above all, richer living.

On this particular day, Mrs. Borsodi canned some tomatoes. She was an advertising woman, unaccustomed to such bucolic things, and announced her achievement with an understandable and georgic pride.

Borsodi hit the ceiling. "What business do you have," he said, "competing with the canners? As a business woman you ought to know that the big companies can put up tomatoes more cheaply than you can. You're wasting your time."

Mrs. Borsodi sat down and proved

that her canned tomatoes came to only a fraction of the cost of the factory-canned product.

Borsodi grabbed pencil and paper. He checked his wife's figures to the fraction of a mill; he added in the cost of water, depreciation on pots and pans, overhead on the kitchen, and the market value of Mrs. Borsodi's time. But in spite of all additions, the actual cost of the home-canned tomatoes was still 20 to 30% less than the minimum price for the store product.

Here was a fact contrary to all the orthodox laws of classic economics; and Borsodi was stumped. Here was home production competing with mass production and beating it by a wide margin. It couldn't be true. "But," said Borsodi, "if this is true for tomatoes, then it must be true for a great many other things as well."

As an expert on cost accounting, Borsodi soon gathered his figures. But the more facts he classified, the more mystifying his results were. Over and over again, his figures proved that home manufacture was far cheaper than modern factory production. But mass production is supposed to mean greater efficiency, thus greater economy.

How could this fit in with Mrs. Borsodi's canning, and the carefully-

*919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. January, 1941.

checked figures? "Gradually," said Borsodi, "the explanation dawned on me. Mrs. Borsodi actually couldn't compete with factory production cost; but the point is: that isn't the cost of the canned goods to the consumer. Distribution accounts for the difference.

Borsodi suddenly realized he had a new axiom to add to economics: the larger you make your factory, the more you increase your costs of distribution. And this is to say that big factories are economically unsound; that the same kind of machinery installed in the home could turn out most necessary items at a much lower figure.

"I realized," said Borsodi, "that with the aid of electricity the little fellow could work just as efficiently as the big fellow, and with no distribution cost."

The more Borsodi turned this fact over in his mind, the more revolutionary the implications seemed. Boiled down, it could mean nothing but this: you can make more money by staying at home and producing what you need than by going out and working for means to buy it.

In 1920, the year of the great housing shortage, the house in which the Borsodis were living in New York was sold over their heads. They moved to the country, satisfying an old longing. A place was located about an hour and a quarter from the city. It consisted of seven acres of ground, a barn

and an old frame house. The Borsodis had no idea of how to manage a farm. They went to the country with nothing but furniture, energy and an idea.

By the end of 1921, the year of the depression when millions of jobless people were tramping the streets, the Borsodis were busy cutting their hay, gathering fruit, and pressing cider; they had a cow, and supplied themselves liberally with milk, butter and cheese; they had a poultry yard, and loaded their table with eggs, chickens and fat, roasted capons.

In time, they added to their setup ducks, guinea hens and turkeys; bees for honey; pigeons for pleasure; dogs for companionship. With stones picked up on their grounds, they built three extra houses and another barn. They built themselves efficient workshops, where they could design and produce their own furniture and household accessories. They built themselves a swimming pool, a tennis court and a billiard room.

In contrast to most back-to-the-land experimenters, the Borsodis quickly gave up any notion of raising things to sell. Although during the first year they raised some poultry for market, they soon made production for use a cardinal principle. Wherever possible, machinery was introduced. The Borsodis worked on the theory that efficient machinery would pay for itself in the home precisely as it pays for itself in the factory.

One of Borsodi's first developments was an efficient home loom, on which even an inexperienced weaver could loom a yard of 44-inch cloth an hour. In some of the earlier experiments with this type of loom, Borsodi's young son turned out a blanket in six hours.

In 1928, Borsodi wrote *This Ugly Civilization*, in which he pointed out that the whole factory system was economically unsound; and that it tended to exhaust not only our national resources but the liberty of the individual to enjoy them; that factory civilization actually destroyed the things the early settlers came to America to find: the ability of the individual to be his own boss and to have a hand in his own government. He pointed out, further, that with the coming of electrical machinery, it has become possible to realize these early American aims. Without any return to primitive living, the little fellow can produce as efficiently as the big fellow and without the additional burden of heavy distribution costs.

At his home in Suffern, Borsodi first set about translating his ideas into group action by organizing a self-sufficient homestead unit. One conclusion stuck in his mind: a sound and workable project must center around an educational institution. To illustrate what he had in mind, the kind of school that would solve the practical problems of people, Borsodi established in Suffern what he called the School

for Living. "This," said Borsodi, "is a baby university of the type I would like to see developed as an extension of every university."

The School for Living is unique. It has no classes, no student body, and all the world for its campus. Its curriculum includes all subjects relating directly or indirectly to the problems of homesteading. The faculty is always available for consultation, or seminar discussions. If you have specific problems, or desire specialized instruction, you make your arrangements, schedule your consultations, eat and sleep at the school if you wish. When you have learned what you want, you pull out; and when you want to learn something else, you come back. There are no obligations; you pay simply for the time you require. You can make use of as much or as little of the school's facilities as you want, and say "Thank you" to no one.

In time, the research work of the School for Living and Borsodi's writing crystallized into concrete homesteading projects. One day in 1935, a group of students and their friends got together and organized what they called the "Independence Foundation." They borrowed enough money, at 6%, to buy 40 acres of farm land near Suffern. This was divided into one and two-acre plots, and utilized cooperatively. Since farm land, in quantity, means buying land "wholesale," the cost of individual plots in such a non-profit

development came to very little. And these individual blocks of land, instead of being sold outright, were apportioned on a "land-tenure" basis. Instead of paying for the land outright, you became a member of the association which owned the land, and simply paid your share of the carrying and amortization costs. This came to around \$5 to \$7 a month.

White-collar people from New York City, people whose family incomes averaged from \$2,000 to \$3,000, people who could scarcely pay more than \$35 a month rent for a city apartment, suddenly found that they could afford a virtual estate in the country. Fourteen families quickly subscribed to the Suffern project, called Bayard Lane, moved out, lived in tents while their houses were being built. Most of the houses were in cumulative units, starting with one room, kitchen and bath, and designed to grow with the needs of the family, and with the expansion of the

family's resources. The total cost of a typical basic unit house at Bayard Lane (averaged from the actual records of six houses) was \$2,698.

Van Houton Fields, a second homestead project, was begun at West Nyack, in 1938, when all available space at Bayard Lane was taken. This is a tract of 105 acres, planned for 38 families. Two other projects, Ringwood Manor, N. J., and Stillwater Homesteads, 183 acres at Millwood, N. Y., have since been launched.

An application for membership requires a down payment of \$25. If your application is accepted, you can take immediate possession of your land and start building at once. Your only further cost will be \$4.65 to \$7.68 per month for each acre you occupy, a charge which continues until the loan for the project has been repaid; at which time the association can be dissolved or not, at the discretion of the membership.



Clown Insults Clowns

Holland's best comic actor, Buziau, had the "impertinence" to appear on the stage with an enormous hat and to tell the public that he had bought himself a hat that was much too large. "It won't fit me, the measure is six and a quarter (in Dutch *zes-en-'n-kwart*, resembling in sound Seyss-Inquart) but don't think I am going to stay under it." Disappearing for a moment, he came back with an orange-colored hat of correct size: "That suits me!" Thundering applause and a visit by the Gestapo were his recompense.

B. H. M. Vlekke in *America* (11 Jan. '41).

Profile of Knute Rockne

The clenched fist

By BILL STERN

Condensed from a broadcast*

In December we were in Hollywood, where Mrs. Knute Rockne told the following tale to Pat O'Brien. Pat relayed it on to us and this is the first time it has ever been told publicly.

In 1930, when the Notre Dame team was riding high, wide and handsome, the Irish were going west by train for their last game of the season with Southern California. One afternoon, there was a knock on the door of Knute Rockne's train compartment. Mrs. Rockne was alone. She opened the door and there stood Larry Mullins, fullback of the Notre Dame football team. Mullins look embarrassed when he saw Mrs. Rockne. "Mrs. Rockne, I wanted to see your husband about this coming Saturday's game. You see, I know Mr. Rockne isn't going to use me on account of my injured leg, but please, Mrs. Rockne, would you speak to him, it means so very much to me. I'm a Pasadena boy, and my parents are going to be at the game. They've never seen me play, and this is my last game. Could you, would you . . . ?" His voice trailed off.

Mrs. Rockne looked up. "You know, Larry, I never interfere in Mr. Rockne's affairs, but I'll tell you what I'll do." With that, Mrs. Rockne opened her purse and drew out a small medal

of St. Theresa. She handed it to the embarrassed Notre Dame fullback. "Take this, Larry. When you get on that players' bench on Saturday, hold this medal in your fist, squeeze it; it may bring you luck."

Mullins thanked Mrs. Rockne, took the tiny medal and left. Three days later, Knute Rockne called the Notre Dame team together in the dressing room just before the game, and began talking, "This is another ball game to me, boys. I'm not asking you to win it for me, or for Notre Dame; but listen. There's a lad here today who would give his right arm to be in there. Take a look at Mullins, boys; he's a senior, this is his last game, he's a Pasadena boy, his parents are here, but he's got a bad leg. I can't play him. Now up on your feet and let's go—go—go! Wait a minute! Mullins, I'm going to start you today, but only for one play. After that first play, out you come!"

The team ran onto the field. Notre Dame lined up for the kickoff, Mullins received the ball, limped goalward. One Southern Cal tackler after another bounced off him; finally, on the 45-yard line, he was hauled down from behind. Mullins limped to the sidelines. Notre Dame drove on for a touchdown. As Mullins sat down beside Rockne, the

*Over the NBC Blue Network, Jan. 5, 1941.

coach slyly looked over and then down into the palm of Mullins' right hand; Mullins opened his fist and there lay the Little Flower medal.

One week later, back in South Bend, Knute Rockne was in his office when Moon Mullins came in, looking very red and embarrassed. "Mr. Rockne," began Mullins, "a week ago, I went to Mrs. Rockne on the train en route to California and asked her to ask you to let me play. It meant so much to my parents. I never did anything like that before. I hope you won't think too badly of me." Rockne spoke up, "Sure, sure. I know my boy. It's all right. It's our little secret."

"Thank you, sir," stammered the boy, "but you see, sir, Mrs. Rockne

gave me this little medal for good luck. Would you please give it back to her tonight, and thank her for me?" Rockne reached for the tiny medal, put it in his pocket and assured Mullins he would give it to Mrs. Rockne that night.

That should have been the end of the story, but it isn't. Three months later, Rockne was flying from Florida back to California. The plane crashed and there died the greatest coach of all time, the immortal Knute Rockne. When they dug his body out, his right hand was tightly clenched. They had to pry it open, and there they found a tiny medal, the Little Flower medal that Mrs. Rockne had given to Larry Mullins.



The Dead Appear

A German army officer was stopped on a street in Warsaw, Poland, some months ago, by a Jesuit priest, who warned him that the Nazis' domination was only temporary and that, eventually, Poland would regain her freedom.

The affronted officer permitted the man to proceed, but a few hours later he called at the Jesuit community house and demanded to speak with the priest who, he said, had been guilty of "seditious" utterance.

Every member of the community was summoned before the officer, who was unable to find the offending Jesuit among them. Suddenly he pointed to a picture on the wall. "That's the man I want," he declared. "Where is he?"

"That man," the priests assured him, "is St. Andrew of Bobola,* a Polish patriot and martyr. He has been dead for centuries!"

Louis J. Gallagher, S.J., quoting the Jesuit Provincial of Poland.

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, June '38, p. 46.

The Way to Good Will

Over the bridge of Catholicism

By SENATOR DENNIS CHAVEZ (N. Mex.)

Condensed from *America**

There is a splendid opportunity for Catholics to contribute to peace by expanding their relations with South America. The Catholic Church and its communicants are historically the closest bond between the U. S. and South America, and by this kinship and common ground the Catholic Church occupies a strategically important position in fostering and cementing improved South American relations.

If it is true that we cannot live completely isolated, it behooves us to develop our foreign relations with those countries with which there is the most likelihood of peace, and which can assure us trade and cultural contacts compatible with our dignity as a great nation. It is obvious that if we are thrown into a European war it will be because our commercial and political relations are almost exclusively concentrated in Europe. Why not then reverse this and see to it that our relations are strengthened in South America?

Pan-Americanism is our only recourse. But if the good-neighbor policy is to succeed, it must percolate from the heights of official action into the hearts of the people themselves, for Latin America is wary of the U. S.

For success in Latin America, there

must be a change in the state of mind of Americans toward Latin Americans. Future contacts must be made on a basis of equality and friendship. There can be no better way of changing this attitude than by dedicating the 20 million Catholics of the U. S. to spreading sympathy and good will toward South America in the U. S.

There are many problems and obstacles to overcome before Pan-Americanism can be successful. Even though we do live in the New World, geographically, the people of South America are much farther away from us than is Europe. They speak Spanish and Portuguese, their civilization is Latin, their religion, Catholic, and their economy, agriculture. Contrast this with our situation in the U. S. and you will see why it is so hard to bridge the tremendous cultural abyss between their civilization and ours.

The 20 million Catholics in the U. S. represent the strongest and most effective link to South American good will. With their help, the bridge can be crossed.

South America is Catholic. Its inhabitants value their religion above all. Because of this they will recognize the close affinity between the American Catholics and themselves. They can be

*329 W. 108th St., New York City. Oct. 19, 1940.

won to sympathy if approached on a ground common to them and the U. S.

Witness the success of the American Catholic representatives to the Lima conference, Bishop John Francis O'Hara, then of Notre Dame University; Dr. Charles Fenwick of Bryn Mawr, and the phenomenal reception given to our unofficial missionaries of good will, Bishop James J. Ryan of Omaha, and the Rev. Dr. Maurice Sheehy of the Catholic University of America, when they traveled through South America in January, 1939. They were successful because they could appeal to the Latin Americans; they had something in common with them.

There is no more heroic story in history than that of the Spanish warrior who conquered, explored and colonized the New World. But equally heroic and far-reaching was the work of the Spanish missionaries, whose zeal during the same period won two continents for Christianity. We are familiar with the missionary work of Joliet and Marquette, but we are doubtless less acquainted with those heroic Catholic

missionaries who labored in what is now the American Southwest to establish Christianity and civilization.

The work of the missionaries is mentioned to show that by their work they erected in the U. S. a way of life identical in culture with that which exists today in all Latin America. Missions, schools and all the civilizing effects of true Christianity were propagated by the Catholic missionaries throughout South America, as they were through the labors of priests in our own Southwest.

Here lies the common ground on which the approach to South American good will can be made. The Catholic Church in the U. S., with reasonable expectation of success through its common heritage with Catholic Latin America, can lead the way.*

*The Catholic University of America and the CATHOLIC DIGEST are now making arrangements to cooperate in putting out an edition of the DIGEST in Spanish. Its purpose will be solely to acquaint the South American republics with Catholic thought and action in the U. S. Let readers write me what they think about the project, how much they would like to give to support it.—Editor.



Instead of bemoaning the fact that we can't have all that we want, many of us should be thankful we don't get all we deserve.

Quoted in the *Catholic Herald Citizen* (11 Jan. '41).



The Englishman reveals his social class by pronunciation; over here it is done by using the word "whom."

Robert Quillen in the *St. Louis Star-Times* (1937).

Three Candles

Merian mathematic

By ALMA KLINE ECKARD

Condensed from the *Annals of Good St. Anne de Beaupré**

Recently I attended a meeting of the California State Nurses' Association, which is held annually in San Francisco. One of the speakers was Dr. George Munhall, whose topic was *Unexplainable Recoveries*. He described one case which I recognized immediately, since I happen to have been the patient's nurse. Regardless of what Dr. Munhall may think of the patient's recovery, there exists a sound explanation of it.

I know every detail connected with this case, because I am collecting material for a book and, therefore, keep a record of all my cases.

"Case of Stephen Little. Brain concussion. July 18, 1938. Discharged July 20. Complete recovery."

The envelope contains two things: a clipping from a San Jose newspaper, dated July 19, and one page from my nurse's chart, with temperature, pulse and respiration readings for 11 hours. I reread the clipping.

"Happiness turned into tragedy when a car bearing a bride and groom crashed into a culvert yesterday evening near Irvington.

"The couple, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Little, of San Jose, were en route to Los Angeles following their wedding ceremony. The car, a convertible coupe,

which was being driven by Mrs. Little at the time of the accident, crashed into a culvert about 150 feet from the San Jose Mission. Mr. Little was thrown from the car and sustained serious injuries. He was examined by Dr. George Munhall, a local physician, who refused to allow the man to be moved to a hospital, asserting that such action would prove fatal. Mrs. Little suffered contusions and shock."

I remember that day. It was about six o'clock and I had come home a few minutes before from a two-weeks case in Palo Alto. I was unpacking my things when I heard the crash. I was among the first ones on the scene, as the culvert is just up the road from our place. I supervised the lifting of the injured man and suggested that he be taken into our house, where he was placed on the studio couch in the library.

It was fully an hour before Mrs. Little was able to see her husband. I watched her closely as she went to him, because I thought she might faint. But there were no dramatics. She didn't even cry. Her face was very white, though, as she turned to the doctor. "He's going to die, isn't he?" she said quietly.

Dr. Munhall didn't specifically say

**St. Anne de Beaupré, Que., Canada. February, 1941.*

that, even though he did think it. He merely said that her husband had been seriously injured and it would be some time before he could tell her anything definite. He then suggested that she take a bromide and rest.

She refused the bromide. "I should like," she said, "to go over to the mission church for a while."

I followed her to the door. She stood looking across the road to where the old mission stands beside its more recently-constructed chapel. "It's funny, isn't it—but I live within a few miles of San Jose Mission, and I've never visited it or been in its chapel," she said.

I didn't think it was either the time or the place to tell her that I had been here for five years. "In addition to the old statues and original paintings," I said, "there is a little shrine in the church, dedicated to our Lady of Lourdes. Look in on it before you come out; it's off the right aisle, down near the front of the church."

Dr. Munhall called to me then and I had to go in. At eight o'clock I made the first entry in my chart book. Remember, I have said that besides the newspaper clipping in the case envelope, there was a page from my nurse's chart. Its figures comprise a most extraordinary bit of evidence for a brain concussion case. But I'll let Dr. Munhall tell you about it as he told 300 nurses at their convention.

"You must remember," he said, "that

this man had a very bad concussion. So bad, in fact, that I was of the opinion he couldn't live through the night. But when I saw him at 6:15 the next morning, he was sleeping naturally, and temperature, pulse and respiration were normal. You will say such a thing is impossible; I thought so, too; but let me read you the evidence that I found on the nurse's chart.

"At ten o'clock temperature was 103, pulse was 130 and respiration was 36. At 12 o'clock these had gone down to 102, 128 and 34, respectively. Then, at one o'clock, temperature had gone up to 103.6, pulse to 131 and respiration to 37; and by two o'clock the readings were 104, 132 and 37!

"Then, mark this," Dr. Munhall, I remember, paused dramatically while the 300 nurses sat with strained ears, "at three o'clock the temperature had dropped to 102 again, the pulse was 125 and the respiration was 32. At four o'clock the temperature had slid to 100.6, pulse to 110 and respiration to 20. And at five o'clock," Dr. Munhall's voice rose in excitement, "the figures were 99.5, 88 and 22. At six o'clock—it's incredible, but, I assure you, absolutely true—temperature, pulse and respiration were normal!"

At this point Dr. Munhall gathered up his notes. "Of course," he said, "there is some logical explanation for such an extraordinary reaction. It's one of those things which intrigue as they baffle, and which makes nursing and

medicine the interesting professions they are."

I'm afraid I'll have to disagree with Dr. Munhall on several points. With all due respect for his ability, he could not have found the explanation through physical deductions; and so far as I'm concerned the case does not go into the category of "unexplainables."

That morning, after Dr. Munhall had found his patient normal, he sent me to rouse Mrs. Little and tell her that her husband was out of danger. It was then that it occurred to me that she had not come in during the night.

Suddenly a light seemed to break upon me. I dashed out of the house and across the road to the church. I entered quietly and tiptoed down the side aisle, because I felt, somehow, that Mrs. Little would be found in the shrine. And that is where she was.

She was slumped down on the floor, in front of the shrine altar, her shoulder against the railing. She was sleeping the deep sleep of exhaustion, and on her face was a look of profound peace.

But what drew my attention was the candle rack, just at the right of the railing. In it were the soft stubs and blackened wicks of three candles! Mrs. Little could sleep so peacefully because she knew, and had known long before I had, that her husband was all right.

It takes three hours and a half for a candle the size of those used in the shrine to burn itself out. Eleanor Little went into the church at 7:30 and, according to the reading of the chart, her husband was showing normal reactions at six o'clock the next morning. Do a little figuring, as I did, and you may have the solution to Dr. Munhall's "unexplainable recovery."



Imprints of the Faith

The old Lud Gate, in London, from which Ludgate Hill has its name, stood halfway up the hill at the corner of the street that is called Creed Lane. In medieval times the monks attached to the cathedral started their outdoor processions here by reciting the Creed. The *Ave Maria* was chanted in what is now Ave Maria Lane; the *Pater Noster* was said in Paternoster Row, and the prayers were finished in Amen Corner, until recent bombings, a quiet oasis where the dean and canons of St. Paul's had their houses, in the midst of bustling streets mainly devoted to the book trade.

From *London* by Sidney Dark.

Keeping Secrets

By WILLIAM V. GREENE

When not to talk

Condensed from *Our Lady of Perpetual Help**

A secret is knowledge of anything which should not be made known to others or which should not be made public. The manner in which we arrive at the knowledge matters little. The important thing is that we have acquired knowledge of something which we should not divulge and cannot divulge without harming somebody in some way or other. It follows, then, that those who would impose absolute secrecy on others in things which by their nature are not hidden or which are of little importance go beyond the limits of reason.

There are secrets and secrets. Of course, the greatest secret of all is that which attaches to the knowledge received in the confessional. Anybody who overhears some part of a confession made by another is bound to secrecy as strictly as the priest who hears it.

The reason underlying the obligation to keep things secret is to promote harmony and good feeling among our fellow men. If secrecy is not observed when and where it should be observed there is a great loss of peace, confidence and general good will among men; and without these things decent social life is impossible.

If, then, we discover some secret fact or learn some hidden truth the revela-

tion of which would cause serious harm or great sorrow to another, we are bound under pain of serious sin not to publicize it. It makes no difference that our knowledge is quite accidental, or the result of our own deductions, or that somebody has violated a confidence, or even that the person who is concerned in the matter has confided in us; we must lock that secret in our hearts until we are permitted to reveal it by the person concerned, or until a higher law intervenes.

The obligation of secrecy is not such that we may never reveal what we have learned as a secret. Certain circumstances may arise which would not only permit us to reveal a secret but which would oblige us to do so, but only to those who have a right to the knowledge. For example, if one were to know as an ordinary secret that a certain person is a menace to morals, there would be an obligation to warn others who might come under his influence; and, if there are minors endangered by contact with such a one, the parents or guardians should be warned. If there is good reason to hope that the harm will be averted by approaching the person who is a menace, he alone should be warned and his reputation saved as far as can be. In passing, it

*Mount St. Alphonsus, Esopus, N. Y. February, 1941.

might be stated that things which appear in newspapers as facts are no longer secret and may be mentioned to those who have not seen them. This, however, does not relieve of all blame the newsmen who publish secret things, and it certainly is no condonation for those who broadcast all the doings of the famous or near-famous with the excuse that they belong to their public.

If one promises to keep secret something which has been confided to him, there is added to the obligation of secrecy that of being faithful to a promise.

The most serious kind of secret is that which is received under what might be termed a contract of secrecy. This contract might be made between the person who is confiding the secret and the one receiving the secret knowledge. It is then an explicit agreement. There may, however, be an implied agreement of secrecy. Such is the case where one acquires secret knowledge on account of his office or work. This type of contractual secret applies to clergymen (outside the confessional), doctors, lawyers, nurses and others who acquire secret knowledge in the performance of their duties and because of their duties. Such a secret is called a professional secret and binds most rigorously. If those who are engaged in these professions could reveal or would reveal with little or no reason what has been confided to them in the performance of their duties, there

would be a great letdown in public confidence, and the good which these professions can do would be decidedly curtailed and many other difficulties would result.

This does not mean that under no conditions may a professional secret be mentioned to another. The important thing to remember in this, as in all secrets, is that no more should be revealed than is necessary, and then only to those who have a right to the knowledge. For example, a physician may reveal a communicable disease of a patient to one whom that patient intends to marry. He would be permitted to do this only in case the man in question has been warned by the doctor that he will mention the matter to the lady, unless the engagement is broken off. If a person in one of the professions learns through his professional services that something is being plotted against the government or the state, he would be obliged to mention this to the proper authorities.

If a person were to tell a secret to one who would absolutely keep it, there would be no serious violation of the law of secrecy. The danger in following this in practice is that some will tell a secret to so many who are supposed to be very secretive that the whole thing is practically a public matter. Besides, how can a person who cannot keep secrets himself expect others to be any more observant than he is?

Even though there is no intention of revealing a secret which we may learn, we are not permitted to pry into the secrets of others. There are some who enjoy or suffer an ineradicable itch to find things out which do not concern them, and which others wish to keep to themselves. Such persons will not hesitate to read letters belonging to others. Now, there is no question of whether the letter has been opened or not; it is not pertinent that the letter happens to be out of the envelope. It is conceded that persons who indulge in reading post cards belonging to

others commit no serious sin, since the one who sends a message in this way is presumed to consider the matter of no importance. Piecing together torn letters is not permissible.

There are some who have a right to read the letters of others. Parents, for example, have a right to read the letters of their children, if they have a reasonable suspicion that there is something harmful contained in them. What has been said here of reading the letters of others applies also to listening in on telephone calls, or any of the other ways of eavesdropping.



Selection

One sun is splendid, six suns would only be vulgar. One tower of Giotto is sublime: a row of towers of Giotto would be only like a row of white posts. The poetry of art is in holding the single tower; the poetry of nature, in seeing the single tree; the poetry of love, in following the single woman; the poetry of religion, in worshiping the single star.

G. K. Chesterton.



Perfection

A woman wanted her apartment done over while she was out of town. This woman, it seems, was very fussy, and insisted everything in her home be the exact shade she specified. So, to help the painters, she left an ash tray as a sample of the special color she wanted the ceiling painted.

After trying vainly to mix the shade she had indicated, the painters finally painted the ash tray, then the ceiling. Upon her return, the woman was delighted.

Our Young People (Feb. '41).

Conversion

Students teach teacher

By KNUTE ROCKNE

Condensed from the *Notre Dame Bulletin**

I used to be deeply impressed by the sight of my players receiving Communion every morning, and finally I made it a point to go to Mass with them on the morning of a game. I realized that it appeared more or less incongruous, when we arrived in town for a game, for the general public to see my boys rushing off to church as soon as they got off the train, while their coach rode on to the hotel and relaxed. So, for the sake of appearances, if for nothing else, I determined to go to church with the boys on the morning of a game.

One night before a big game in the East, I was nervous and worried about the outcome the next day and was unable to sleep. I pitched and rolled about the bed and finally decided to dress and go downstairs. It must have been two or three o'clock in the morning when I stepped into the deserted lobby, so I took a chair and tried to get that football game off my mind by engaging some of the bellboys in conversation.

Along about five or six o'clock I started pacing the floor, when suddenly I ran into two of my own players hurrying out. I asked them where they were going at such an hour, although I

had a good idea. Then I retired to a chair in the lobby where I couldn't be seen, but where I could see everyone who went in or out the door. Within the next few minutes other players kept hurrying out of the door in pairs and groups. Finally, when most of them had gone, I stood near the door so I could question the next player who came along.

In a minute or two, the last of the squad rushed out of an elevator and made for the door. I stopped them and asked if they, too, were going to Mass. They replied that they were so I decided to go along with them. Although they probably didn't realize it, these youngsters were making a powerful impression on me with their piety and devotion. And when I saw all of them walking up to receive Communion, and realized the several hours of sleep they had sacrificed in order to do this, I understood for the first time what a powerful ally their religion was to those boys in their work on the football field. It was then that I really began to see the light, to know what was missing in my life.

Some time later I had the great happiness of joining my boys at the Communion rail.

**Notre Dame, Ind.* Oct. 21, 1940.

An Indictment of Modern Education

By WALTER LIPPMANN

Stones instead of bread

Condensed from an address*

I should like to revive a custom once honored in the older universities of propounding and defending a series of theses, by propounding a thesis on the present state of education.

The thesis: (1) Those responsible for education have removed from the curriculum the Western culture which produced the modern democratic state; (2) the schools and colleges have been sending out men who no longer understand the creative principle of the society in which they must live; (3) newly educated Western men no longer possess the ideas, logic, method, values, or deposited wisdom which are the genius of the development of Western civilization; (4) the prevailing education is destined to destroy, and is destroying, Western civilization; (5) our civilization cannot be maintained, or restored, without the revival of the culture of the Western world; (6) what is now required in the educational system is a thorough reconsideration of its underlying assumptions and purposes.

"No other sure foundation can be devised for the preservation of freedom and happiness," said Thomas Jefferson on the establishment of universal and compulsory education. Yet today these schools have either abandoned their

liberties or have not known, until the last moment, how to defend them. They have lost their purpose, and their graduates today are the actors in the catastrophe which has befallen our civilization.

Men who formed the institutions of the Western world regarded themselves as rational and free: rational, because they comprehended the universal moral order and their place in it; free, because they recognized within them certain rights and personal moral responsibilities. From the conception of the unity of mankind in a rational order was derived the conception of law, and the conception that the character of all laws is determined by their conformance to the laws of nature and man. From this was derived the idea of a constitutional government, and upon this our own institutions were founded.

The historic fact is that the institutions we cherish are the products of a culture which, as Gilson put it, "is essentially the culture of Greece, inherited from the Greeks by the Romans, transfused by the Fathers of the Church with the religious teachings of Christianity, and progressively enlarged by countless numbers of artists, writers, scientists and philosophers from the

*Before the American Association for the Advancement of Science at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa. Dec. 29, 1940.

beginning of the Middle Ages up to the first third of the 19th century."

The authors of the American Constitution and Bill of Rights were educated in the classics, and the transmission of this culture was then held to be the end and aim of education. Modern education, however, which denies the necessity of transmitting to future generations the religious and classical culture of the West, ejects from the curriculum of necessary studies the religious traditions, and abandons the study of the whole classical heritage of the great works of great men.

Thus where there was a substance of education there is now a vacuum filled with spontaneous curiosities of teachers and students, evincing no common moral and intellectual discipline. Yet the graduates of these modern schools are expected to form a civilized community, to govern themselves, to have a social conscience, and to have a common purpose without a common culture. We have established a system of education in which we insist that while every man must be educated, yet there is nothing in particular that an educated man must know. The statement that the revolutionary invention of the steam engine renders the cultural tradition no longer relevant to our own era is a pretended reason for our present educational void. The real reason is that we reject the religious and classical heritage, first, because to master it requires more effort than we

are willing to make, and secondly, because it creates issues that are too deep and too contentious to be faced with equanimity.

The pupil, instead of learning to understand himself, the world, his fellow men, in an order which transcends his present desires, conceives the world as a place in which he must grow up in competition with other individuals. His reason and will must be educated primarily to facilitate his career.

The separation from education of the classical religious traditions makes it impossible to train the pupil to look upon himself as inviolable because he is made in the image of God; to look upon society as a brotherhood. The teacher has no subject matter that even pretends to deal with elementary and universal issues of human destiny. Since the vital core of the civilized tradition of the West is by definition excluded from the curriculum of the modern, secular democratic school, it must train for personal careers, not for fully civilized men. The usefulness of schools, then, is measured by their success in equipping specialists for successful rivalry in the pursuit of their separate vocations. For if more than this were attempted, the democratic secular school would have to regard the pupil as having within him a transcendent relationship that must regulate his ambition. It would have to revive and cultivate the Western tradition, and transmit it to the young.

But the emancipated democracies have renounced the idea that the purpose of education is to transmit the Western culture, and by renouncing it, their schools have ceased to affirm the central principle of the Western philosophy of life, that man's reason is the ruler of his appetites.

The logic of this conception of human reason must lead progressively to a system of education which sharpens the acquisitive and domineering and possessive instincts. And insofar as the instincts, rather than reason, determine the ends of our activity, the end of all activity must become the accumulation of power over men in the pursuit of the possession of things. Since reason has been reduced to an instrument of one's personal career, the careerist has to learn data, and all subjects are in principle of equal value to him. There are, then, no subjects which all men belonging to the same civilization need to study. This disordered development of knowledge has turned much of man's science into the means of his own destruction. Thus science places a power in man's hands which quickly becomes ungovernable. Science

is the product of intelligence. But if the function of the intelligence is to be the instrument of the acquisitive, possessive, and domineering impulses, then these impulses, so strong by nature, must become infinitely stronger when they are equipped with all the multifarious resources of man's intelligence.

Education, finally, founded on the secular image of man, must destroy knowledge itself, for its purpose is to solve individual difficulties, which is supposed to be "scientific," but which is, in fact, a denial of that very principle which has made possible the growth of science. The notion that every problem can be studied without the background of tradition must condemn men to a chronic childishness. No man, no generation is capable of rediscovering all the truths men need. The men of any generation, as Bernard of Chartres puts it, are like dwarfs seated on the shoulders of giants. In developing knowledge men must collaborate with their ancestors. Otherwise they must begin, not where their ancestors arrived, but where their ancestors began.

Lately I tried to read a book regarding Spain—the Spain that was called Loyalist but was really communistic. That book is filled with blasphemy. Within the Loyalist party, to which the author was attached, there prevailed a life of pure animalism. These Loyalists of Spain were fighting hard to retain their "liberty," and had many sympathizers who believed their cause to be just and noble. But the real story is that there were those among them who fell into and lived this sensual life, and consequently their party went down in defeat.

From a sermon by Archbishop John Joseph Glennon (5 Jan. '41).

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Williams, Margaret. *Word-Hoard*. New York: Sheed. 459 pp. \$4.

Anthology of selections of old English literature from the 6th to the 11th century, written in modern English.

Willigan, Walter J. *Social Order*. New York: Longmans. 712 pp. \$3.

Discussion of current American social problems based on recent authoritative findings.

Heyden, J. K. *The God of Reason*. New York: Sheed. 156 pp. \$2.

A mathematician and physicist examines the proofs of God's existence.

Lynch, J., S.J. *Our Trembling Earth*. New York: Dodd. 202 pp. \$3.

Simple explanation of earthquakes, in conversational style. The author, a seismologist at Fordham University, had an exhibit at the World's Fair.

Feeney, Leonard, S.J. *Survival Till Seventeen*. N. Y.: Sheed. 141 pp. \$1.50.

Delightful collection of skillfully written essays on his childhood.

Lunn, Alfred. *Come What May*. Boston: Little. 348 pp. \$3.

Autobiography of the Catholic controversialist and lecturer; gives an illuminating background of the present English situation.

de la Taille, Maurice, S.J. *The Mystery of Faith*. New York: Sheed. 266 pp. \$3.50.

Translation of *Mysterium Fidei*, dealing with the theology of the Holy Eucharist, adapted for the general reader.

Miller-Aubin. *St. Alphonsus Liguori*. St. Louis: Redemptorist Fathers. 388 pp. \$2.

A new life of the great lawyer, missionary, founder, bishop, writer, director of souls and Doctor of the Church, who worked during one of Europe's worst totalitarian ages.

Oldmeadow, Ernest. *Francis Cardinal Bourne*. London: Burns. \$2.20.

This first volume is a biography of pre-Cardinalate years of the "Quiet Bishop" and includes a discussion of his political controversies.

Clayton, Joseph. *Pope Innocent III and His Times*. Milw.: Bruce. 204 pp. \$2.25.

Portrait of the great medieval statesman showing that the welfare of Christendom, not personal ambition, motivated his actions.